

THE
MUSES *HOLIDAY*:
OR,
The POLITE SONGSTER.
BEING
An Elegant COLLECTION
Of the most Favourite
NEW SONGS,

Sung at the
THEATRES, GARDENS,
AND
All Publick Places of Diversion;
Several of which are not to be found in any Collection
yet published.

With an Alphabetical Contents,
For the readier finding out each SONG.

— *Ev'n Age itself is chear'd with Musick ;
It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth,
Calls back past Joys, and warms us into Transport.*

ROWE.

LONDON:

Printed and sold by *W. Reeve*, in *Fleet-Street*; and by
the Booksellers in Town and Country.

* * * *None of the Songs in this Collection are in
the WREATH.*

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

40

THE POLITICAL SONGS

DELEG

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P R E F A C E

T H E

P R E F A C E.

THERE is not any Science that has so great an Ascendant over the human Mind, as Musick. It is able to dispel our most melancholy Hours, or to cast a Gloom over the chearfullest Countenances. Mr. POPE gives us an inimitable Description of its Power, in the following Lines:

Hear how *Timotheus*' various Lays surprize,
And bid alternate Passions fall and rise;
While, at each Change, the Son of *Lybian Jove*,
Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love.
Now his fierce Eyes with sparkling Fury glow,
Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow:
Persians and *Greeks* like Turns of Nature found,
And the World's Victor stood subdu'd by Sound.

But the ordinary Use of Musick, is to inspire us with a rational Joy: To chear and sooth us under the Fatigues and Pressures of Life, and to erase the Remembrances of the Cares and Toils of it.

P R E F A C E.

This was the Editor's Intention, in publishing this Collection of Songs; in which the utmost Care has been taken, to chuse such as are admir'd for the Excellency of their Musick, and the Beauty of their Composition; and which have been sung at all our publick Places of Diversion, by the most eminent Performers, to the politest Audiences, with universal Applause.

There is not any Song in this Collection that can give Offence to the Ear of Modesty (a Fault too frequently committed in Collections of this Kind) which, surely, should be an Inducement to Parents and Masters of Families to give these Songs the Preference, to those of a contrary Nature; as the Morals of the rising Generation must be tainted by such, to the Prejudice of Society, of Good-Manners, and of every Thing that is decent and praise-worthy.

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THE
MUSES *HOLIDAY*, &c.



SONG I.

Dearest *Kitty*, kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where ;
Tell thy fond and faithful Swain,
When we thus shall meet again ?
Where shall *Strepson* fondly see,
Beauties only found in thee ?
Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play,
All the happy live-long Day.
Dearest *Kitty*, kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where ?

All the happy Day, 'tis true,
Blest but only then with you ;
Nightly *Strepson* sighs alone,
Sighs 'till *Hymen* makes us one.
Tell me then, and ease my Pain,
Tell thy fond and faithful Swain,
When the Priest shall kindly join,
Kitty's trembling Hand to mine ;
Dearest *Kitty*, kind and fair,
Tell me when ? I care not where.

C

SONG

SONG II.

LONG by an idle Passion tost,
By Love undone, my Reason lost;
How many fruitless Tears it cost
To free me from the Smart?

I rav'd, I sigh'd, but all in vain,
Nor cou'd my Liberty regain,
Or break the little Tyrant's Chain;
Alas! how weak my Art!

At length I flew to Pride for Aid,
But equally by that betray'd;
To ev'ry Power in vain I pray'd,
But none wou'd Pity show:

'Till Reason to my Breast, once more
Did all my former Peace restore,
And brought Content, not in the Pow'r
Of *Strephon* to bestow.

SONG III.

DAMON and *DAPHNE*.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG scornful *Daphne* *Damon* lov'd with Truth,
She bright in Charms, and he a comely Youth;
Ah, cruel Nymph! no soft Concession?---No!
'Tis mighty strange! but Women will do so.
Dame Fortune pitying, led the love-sick Swain,
Pensive in Thought, along the sun-burnt Plain;
Then whisper'd, "Cast thine Eyes to yonder Shade."---
He did; and saw reclin'd the blooming Maid.

Urg'd

Urg'd by the Goddess, boldly he advanc'd,
While in his Breast his Heart with Rapture danc'd;
Smil'd on the Fair, sat down, and snatch'd a Kiss;
Then sung, in Prelude to expected Bliss.

A I R.

Too long has *Daphne* scorn'd a Youth,
Whose gentle Flame, and spotless Truth,
Her Bosom shou'd approve;
But now her Eyes, that cheer the Day,
In Beams of soft Compliance play,
And Love shall meet with Love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Perhaps, the fair Dissembler made Reply,
Perhaps my Scorn was *Damon's* Heart to try:
But, shou'd our Joys yon prying Shepherds see,
How wou'd thy talk of you, and laugh at me?
For one Day more suspend your ardent Love;
At Twelve To-morrow, in the Myrtle Grove
Attend—Be patient, and be blest;
Remember Twelve—Let Fancy paint the rest.
Brib'd by her Words, on Honour's strict Parole,
The Swain dismiss'd the Partner of his Soul.
All tedious pass'd the live-long Night away,
And when the Lark proclaim'd the new-born Day,
Damon uprose; and sought the Grove full soon,
Invoking *Sol* to haste th' appointed Noon.
It came.—The Clock struck One, Two, Three,
Four, Five,
No *Daphne* came—Yet *Daphne* was alive.
Despair and Rage the Shepherd's Mind divide;
Oh, cruel *Fortune*! cheating Nymph! he cry'd.
Just had he spoke, when near, tho' unconfess'd,
The injur'd Goddess thus the Fool address'd:

28 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

A I R.

Fortune thou no more shalt see,
Hid in Clouds she speaks to thee ;
Idle Loit'rer ! silly Swain !
Why of me dost thou complain ?
Late I led thee, where thy Art
Might have won the Fair One's Heart :
Cold, or kind, thou didst not win it——
Fool, to miss the lucky Minute.

Didst thou, Credulous, believe,
Daphne meant not to deceive ?
Did thy Heart not pant for Bliss,
Animated by a Kiss ?
Vain thy future Suit shall prove,
Woman shou'd be press'd to Love ;
And she thinks the Duce is in it——
If you miss the lucky Minute.

S O N G IV.

TELL me, Lasses, have ye seen,
Lately wand'ring o'er the Green,
Beauty's Son, a little Boy,
Full of Frolick, Mirth and Joy ?
If you know his Shelter, say ?
He's from *Venus* gone astray.

Tell me, Lasses, have ye seen
Such a one trip o'er the Green ?

By his Marks the God you'll know ;
O'er his Shoulder hangs a Bow,
And a Quiver fraught with Darts,
Poison sure to human Hearts ;
Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
He can triumph o'er the Mind.

Tell

The MUSES Holiday, &c. 29

*Tell me, Lasses, have ye seen
Such a one trip o'er the Green?*

Subtle as the Lightning's Wound
Is his piercing Arrow found;
While the bosom'd Heart it pains,
No external Mark remains;
Reason's Shaft itself is broke
By the unsuspected Stroke.

*Tell me, Lasses, have ye seen
Such a one trip o'er the Green?*

Oft the Urchin's seen to lie
Basking in the sunny Eye;
Or his destin'd Prey he seeks
On the Maiden's rosy Cheeks;
Snowy Breasts or curling Hair
Oft conceal the pleasing Snare.

*Tell me, Lasses, have you seen
Such a one trip o'er the Green?*

She that the Recess reveals
Where the God himself conceals,
Shall a Kiss receive this Night
From her Heart's supreme Delight;
To Venus let her bring the Boy,
She shall taste Love's sweetest Joy.

*Tell me, Lasses, have ye seen
Such a one trip o'er the Green?*

SONG V.

J E N N Y.

AS on Tay's Banks I wander'd in Search of my Fair,
How smooth was the Stream? and how soft was
the Air?
To nothing but thee such a Scene I compare;
And thee it resembl'd, dear Jenny.

30 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

The deep chrystal Wave was a Type of thy Face,
I thought it so clear it might serve for thy Glass,
And the Curls it there wore for thy Dimples might pass,
I vow'd 'twas the Picture of *Jenny*.

Methought it took in all the Charms of thy Mind,
To Virtue, to Love, and to Pity inclin'd,
The tender soft Passions that feel no rude Wind,
For calm is the Bosom of *Jenny*.
All pleas'd with the Prospect, I wish'd the bright Maid
Could have seen her dear self in this Mirror display'd,
'Twas like her when last the dear Girl I survey'd,
Like none it could be but my *Jenny*.

But sudden a Tempest I ne'er saw before,
Made the Billows arise, and the Waves foam and roar,
I thought that I scarcely was safe on the Shore,
Ah me! even then it was *Jenny*.
The same dreadful Sight when to Spleen you're inclin'd,
When to me you are cross, and to others are kind,
But never, dear Girl, raise this Storm in your Mind,
'Twill kill me, believe me, dear *Jenny*.

S O N G VI.

GOOD Sir, do not start, I'll teach you an Art,
By which you will ne'er miss your Aim;
Be not squeamish or nice, to cut Cards or cog Dice,
All the World play the best of the Game, the Game,
All the World play the best of the Game.

See how each Profession and Trade, thro' the Nation,
Will dupe all the World without Shame;
Then why shou'd not we, in our Turn, be as free?
All the World play the best of the Game, &c.

The Lawyers of Note, who squabble and quote,
Are expecting both Riches and Fame,
And all is but Trick, the poor Client to nick,
For the Law plays the best of the Game, &c.

To

To gain his base Ends, each Lover pretends
To talk of his Darts and his Flame ;
By which he draws in the poor Maiden to sin,
Who is left with the worst of the Game, &c.

And so the coy Maid, with Modesty's Aid,
To foolish fond Man does the same :
When the Fool's in the Net the Prude turns Coquet,
And her Spouse has the worst of the Game, &c.

Then since the great Plan is cheat who cheat can,
Pray think not my Notions to blame :
Join Lawyers and Proctors, Maids, Lovers and Doctors,
All the World play the best of the Game, the Game,
All the World play the best of the Game.

S O N G VII.

WELL met, pretty Nymph, says a jolly young
Swain,

To a beautiful Shepherdess crossing the Plain ;
Why so much in Haste, now the Month it is *May*,
Shall I venture to ask you, fair Maiden, which Way ?
Then strait to this Question the Nymph did reply,
With a Smile in her Look and a Leer in her Eye,
I am come from the Village, and Homeward I go ;
And now, gentle Shepherd, pray why would you know

I hope, pretty Maid, you won't take it amiss,
If I tell you the Reason of asking of this ;
I would see you safe Home, now the Swain was in Love,
Of such a Companion if you could approve.
Your Offer, kind Shepherd, is civil I own,
But I see no great Danger in going alone ;
Nor yet can I hinder, the Road being free
For one as another, for you or for me.

No

No Danger in going alone it is true,
 But yet a Companion is pleasanter too ;
 And if you could like, now the Swain he took Heart,
 Such a one as me, Mistress, we never should part.
 O that's a long Word, said the Shepherdess then,
 For I've often heard say, there's no minding you Men ;
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter 'tis true,
 Then leave a young Maiden the first Thing you do.

O judge not so harsh, the Shepherd reply'd,
 For to prove what I say, I will make you my Bride ;
 To-morrow the Parson (well said little Swain)
 Shall join both our Hands, and make One of us Twain :
 Then what the Nymph answer'd to this is not said,
 But the very next Morn to be sure they were wed.
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down,
 Now when shall we see such a Wedding in Town ?

SONG VIII.

GA Y *Damon* long study'd my Heart to obtain,
 The prettiest young Shepherd that pipes on the
 Plain ;
 I'd hear his soft Tale, then declare 'twas amiss ;
 And I'd often said No, often said No, when I long'd to
 say Yes ;
 And I'd often said No, often said No, when I long'd to
 say Yes.

Last *Valentine's-Day* to our Cottage he came,
 And brought me a Lambkin to witness his Flame ;
 Oh take this, he cry'd, thou more fair than it's Fleece ;
 I cou'd hardly say No, tho' asham'd to say Yes.

Soon after, one Morning, we sat in the Grove,
 He press'd my Hand hard, and in Sighs breath'd his Love ;
 Then tenderly ask'd, If I'd grant him a Kiss ?
 I design'd to say No, but mistook and said Yes.

At this, with Delight, his Heart danc'd in his Breast;
Ye Gods! he cry'd, *Glee* will now make me blest:
Come, let's to the Church, and share conjugal bliss;
To prevent being teas'd, I was forc'd to say Yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a Word in my Life;
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a Wife:
Then take, ye young Damsels, my Counsel in this,
You must all die old Maids, if you will not say Yes.

SONG IX.

YOUNG *Colin* protests I'm his Joy and Delight,
He's ever unhappy when I'm from his Sight;
He wants to be with me, wherever I go:
The Duce sure is in him for plaguing me so!

His Pleasure all Day is to sit by my Side,
He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide;
I bid him depart, but he smiling says No:
The Duce must be in him for plaguing me so!

He often requests me his Pain to relieve;
I ask him what Favour he hopes to receive;
His Answer's a Sigh, while in Blushes I glow:
What Mortal beside him would plague a Maid so!

This Breast-knot he Yesterday brought from the Wake,
He softly entreated I'd wear for his Sake:
Such Trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow,
I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so!

He hands me each Eve to the Cot from the Plain,
He meets me each Morn to conduct me again:
But what's his Intention I wish I could know,
For I'd rather be married than plagu'd with him so!

SONG X.

NO Shepherd was like *Strephon* gay,
 No Swain to me so dear;
 'Twas Rapture all the live-long Day,
 His Song, his Pipe to hear.
 Yet when he sigh'd and talk'd of Love,
 His Passion I'd forbid;
 For what I felt to hide I strove—
 Upon my Word I did.

The Spring, when Nature wakes to Youth,
 And all looks Life and Joy;
 The Summer's Sun saw *Strephon's* Truth,
 Saw *Cloe* still was coy.
 At length he vow'd, "Thou cruel Fair,
 "Disdain my Heart has freed;"
 He spoke, and left me in Despair—
 Upon my Word he did.

How sad, how penitent was I!!
 My Pride had caus'd my Pain;
 From Morn to Eve I us'd to sigh,
 "Oh *Strephon* come again!"
 It chanc'd he sought a tender Lamb,
 That in the Grove lay hid;
 When thoughtless there I breath'd his Name—
 Upon my Word I did.

Surpris'd my well known Voice to hear,
 In Sounds of soft Delight,
 With eager Steps the Youth drew near,
 And met my raptur'd Sight:
 No Pow'r had I, all Art was vain,
 Of *Strephon* to get rid;
 My panting Heart confess'd the Swain—
 Upon my Word it did.

Oh,

Oh, Nymph, he cry'd, whose Eyes to meet
 My Soul with Joy o'erflows !
 The Bee that roves from Sweet to Sweet,
 Like me prefers the Rose !
 Ye Maids, with whom I've tript the Plain,
 Let other Youths succeed ;
 My *Cloe* welcom'd me again——
 Upon my Word she did.

While Blushes crimson'd o'er my Cheek,
 My Hand with Warmth he press'd ;
 Oh, speak, he sigh'd, my *Cloe*, speak,
 Shall *Strephon* now be blest ?
 Oh, who that lov'd so well, so long,
 The Shepherd cou'd have chid ?
 Perhaps you think I held my Tongue——
 Upon my Word I did.

SONG XI.

I Am a young Virgin that oft has been told,
 I should try to get marry'd before I'm too old :
 I took their Advice and got one in my Eye,
 Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die,
 Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die.

Young *Thyrsis* is witty, well-featur'd and tall,
 His fellow Swains own that he out-does 'em all :
 When first I beheld him, I cannot tell why,
 I thought I was going that Moment to die, &c.

If through the Recesses of yon silent Grove,
 Or over the Meadows I happen to rove,
 And see my dear Shepherd at Distance pass by,
 I tremble all o'er, and am ready to die, &c.

When he plays on his Pipe to the Lambkins around,
 I fly to the Place where I hear the blest Sound :

Oh !

36 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Oh! *Thyrsis*, sweet Youth, to myself then I cry,
I'd listen to thee, were I going to die, &c.

Last *Saturday* Eve, I remember the Day,
I caught him saluting *Clarinda* the gay;
That I envy'd each Kiss, I will not deny,
And fervently pray'd that my Rival might die, &c.

Come *Hymen* and lend a young Virgin your Aid,
Who without your Assistance must die an old Maid:
To all my fond Wishes, make *Thyrsis* comply,
And if I don't have him, I wish I may die,
And if I don't have him, I wish I may die.

S O N G XII.

SINCE Wedlock's in Vogue, and stale Virgins de-
spis'd,
To all Bachelors, greeting, these Lines are premis'd;
I'm a Maid that wou'd marry—ah! could I but find,
I care not for Fortune, a Man to my Mind,
I care not, &c.

Not the fair-weather'd Fop, fond of Fashion and Dress,
Not the 'Squire that can relish no Joys but the Chace,
Nor the free-thinking Rake, whom no Mortal can bind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd Sor, who topos World without End,
Nor the Drone that can't relish his Bottle and Friend,
Nor the Fool that's too fond, nor the Churl that's
unkind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.

Not the Rich with full Bags, without Breeding or Merit,
Nor the Flash that's all Fury without any Spirit,
Nor the fine Master Fribble, the Scorn of Mankind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.

But

But the Youth whom good Sense and good Nature inspire,
Whom the Brave must esteem, and the Fair shou'd admire,
In whose Heart Love and Truth are with Honour con-
join'd ;
This, this, and no other's the Man to my Mind.

SONG XIII.

I'LL borrow the Wings of the Sparrow and Dove,
And then I will fly to discover my Love :
The People so low, who behold me so high,
Will wonder what strange Sort of Bird's in the Sky :
Whilst still on I soar,
To her I adore,
And 'till I get at her will never give o'er.

SONG XIV.

A S late at ruddy Close of Day,
On yonder Turf *Alexis* lay,
Alexis wanton Boy :
The gay *Lucinda* sported by,
Pastora breath'd the tender Sigh,
But *Mira* still was coy.

The laughing *Delia* stole his Crook,
And *Laura* glanc'd the wanton Look,
A Hint she would be kind :
Bright *Daphne* in the lonely Grove
A Signal gave a Call to Love,
But still the Swain was blind.

Nor *Pastorella*'s Mien could charm,
Nor *Celia*'s awful Presence warm,
Nor *Stella*'s Syren Tongue :
But *Mira*'s Eyes and Mien controul,
And gazing all his raptur'd Soul,
Stood list'ning as she sung.

D

But

38 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

But ah! when *Mira* learn'd to sigh,
To glance, to roll the wanton Eye,
To bless the th' inconstant Boy:
As soon the faithless wav'ring Swain
Forsook the Nymph, forsook the Plain,
To find the Maid that's coy.

S O N G X V.

'TIS Bumpers lull all Cares to rest,
'Tis Bumpers make Misfortunes sweet,
'Tis Bumpers cure the wounded Breast,
And Bumpers make all Souls compleat.

We'll drink to all our Friends we know,
We'll drink to all in Grief and Sorrow,
We'll drink to all we love below,
For Bumpers make To-day To-morrow.

We'll drink to ev'ry honest Soul,
Who from his Word wou'd never fly,
That loves his Friend, that loves his Bowl,
And who for him wou'd freely die.

For Bumpers gain the Brave Success,
And Bumpers make true Virtue shine;
'Tis Bumpers soften all Distress,
And Bumpers make all Souls sublime.

'Tis Bumpers make the poor Man rich,
And Bumpers make us free from Care,
'Tis Bumpers make us what we wish,
And Bumpers make us what we are.

S O N G X V I.

BY a prattling Stream, on a *Midsummer's* Eve,
Where Woodbines and Jess'mine the Boughs
interweave;

Fair

Fair *Flora*, I cry'd, to my Arbour repair,
For I must have a Chaplet for sweet *William's* Hair,
For I must have a Chaplet for sweet *William's* Hair.

She brought me the Vi'let that grows on the Hill,
The vale-dwelling Lilly, and gilded Jonquil:
But such languid Odours how could I approve?
Just warm from the Lips of the Lad that I love, &c.

She brought me, his Faith and his Truth to display,
The undying Myrtle, and ever-green Bay;
But why these to me, who've his Constancy known?
And *Billy* has Laurels enough of his own, &c.

The next was a Gift that I could not contemn,
For she brought me two Roses that grew on a Stem;
Of the dear nuptial Tye they stood Emblems confest,
So I kiss'd them, and press'd them quite close to my
Breast, &c.

She brought me a Sun-Flow'r—This, Fair One's your
Due,
For it once was a Maiden, and Love-sick, like you:
O give it me quick, to my Shepherd I'll run,
As true to his Flame, as this Flow'r to her Sun, &c.

SONG XVII.

WHO has e'er been *Baldock*, must needs know the
Mill,
At the Sign of the *Horse*, at the Foot of the Hill:
Where the Grave and the Gay, the Clown and the
Beau,
Without all Distinction, promiscuously go,
Where the Grave, &c.

This Man of the Mill has a Daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a Shape, and so winning an Air:

40 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

That once on the ever-green Bank as I stood,
I'd swore she was *Venus* just sprung from the Flood,
That once, &c.

But looking again I perceiv'd my Mistake,
For *Venus*, tho' fair, has the Looks of a Rake :
While nothing but Virtue, and Modesty fill,
The more beautiful Looks of the Lads of the Mill,
While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole Fire, as the Poets all say,
To enliven that Mass, which he model'd of Clay :
Had *Polly* been with him, the Beams of her Eyes,
Had sav'd him the Trouble of robbing the Skies,
Had *Polly*, &c.

Since first I beheld the dear Lads of the Mill,
I can ne'er be at quiet, but do what I will :
All the Day and all Night, I sigh and think still,
I shall die if I have not the Lads of the Mill,
All the Day, &c.

S O N G XVIII.

HOW happy's the Lover whose Cares are no more,
Who bids an Adieu to all Sorrow ;
My Grievs are all hush'd, and my Torments are o'er,
For I shall be happy To-morrow.

Each Flow'ret of Spring that enamels the Ground,
From you ev'ry Charm seems to borrow ;
Then who will so blest or so happy be found,
As I with my *Daphne* To-morrow ?

I never am happy but when in your Sight,
Your Smiles are the Cure of all Sorrow :
Remember, dear *Daphne*, your Promise To-night ;
And I shall be happy To-morrow.

S O N G

S O N G X I X.

WOULD you taste the Morning Air,
To yon verdant Fields repair,
Where Cowslips sweet, and Violets blue,
With grateful Scents shall welcome you.

Hear the soft and cooling Breeze,
Fanning, thrilling thro' the Trees,
Whilst the Dew besprinkling round,
Cools the thirsty parching Ground.

Hear the Lark now soaring high,
With her Eccho fills the Sky ;
The charming Nightingale and Thrush,
Are warbling Notes on ev'ry Bush.

Haste, fair Nymph, then haste away,
Taste these Joys without Delay :
Prove, and proving you will tell,
The Morning Joys do all excel.

S O N G X X.

HOW welcome my Shepherd, how welcome to me,
Is ev'ry Occasion of meeting with thee ?
But when thou art absent, how joyless am I,
Methinks I contented could sit down and die.

The oft'ner I see you, the more I approve
The Choice I have made, and am fix'd in my Love :
For Merit like your's still brighter is shewn,
And more must be valu'd the more it is known.

To live in a Cottage with thee I would chuse,
And Crowns for thy sake I should gladly refuse :
Not all the vast Treasure of wealthy Peru,
To me would seem precious if ballanc'd with you.

42 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

For all my Ambition to thee is confin'd,
And nothing could please me if thou wer't unkind ;
Then faithfully love me, and happier I'll be
Than plac'd on a Throne, if to reign without thee.

S O N G XXI.

YE Virgins, who do listen to what e'er your
Mothers say,
Be rul'd by me, and let's agree, no longer to obey ;
For I've been snubb'd, and I've been drubb'd,
Till I've been black and blue ;
But I'll behave no more like a Slave,
But I'll behave no more like a Slave,
I wish I may die if I do, if I do,
I wish I may die if I do.

Both Night and Day she prates away, about my being
nice,
But I declare, 'twould make you stare, to hear her dull
Advice ;
She says, That I from Men must fly,
Or Mischief will insue ;
But in all the Kind no Harm I find,
But in all the Kind no Harm I find ;
I wish I may die if I do, if I do,
I wish, &c.

She says that Youth, still blind to Truth, the Danger
ne'er can tell,
And 'tis from Sense and Experience, that she can talk
so well,
But if she got Sense from Experience,
Then she may depend upon't,
I'll try to be as wise as she,
I'll try, &c.
I wish I may die if I don't, if I don't,
I wish, &c.

Young

Young *Damon* gay the other Day, would struggle for
a Kiss,

I pish'd, and cry'd, and him did chide,

With what do you mean by this?

'Tis wond'rous rude, that you'll intrude,

When I have so oft forbid:

I wish I may die if you don't make me cry,

I wish I may die, &c.

But I wish I may die if he did, if he did,

I wish I may die, &c.

Then I'll be free whilst young I be, and let my Mo-
ther scold,

And I'll despise being quite as wise, until I am quite
as old:

At Forty-three a Prude I'll be,

And lay my Follies by;

But never 'till then will I shun the Men,

But never 'till then will I shun the Men;

If I do I wish I may die, I may die,

If I do I wish I may die.

S O N G XXII.

THOU calm ray'd Spring, whose blooming Face
Leads on the Year renew'd;

Thou Ornament, thou brightest Grace,

Of Time's Extent review'd:

Thy Verdure doth each Meadow deck;

By thee each spangled Bed

Of Violets and Daisies flush

By constant Care are fed,

By constant Care are fed.

To thee their snowy Blossoms owe

Each future fruitful Tree;

The Birds, that charm, their Notes to shew,

Tuneful in Joy for thee:

Thus

44 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Thus every Nymph, and faithful Swain,
 With earnest Wish desire;
 Th' Inhabitants of Mount and Plain,
 And Vale, all thee admire,
 And Vale, all thee admire.

S O N G XXIII.

CONSIDER, dear Daughter, what 'tis to be rich,
 Nor spurn thus unwise at the Blessing;
 The Views of being wealthy most Women bewitch,
 Such Husbands are sure worth possessing.

You tell me he's silly, I say he has Pence;
 His Acres are boundless, his Treasures immense;
 A Coach and six Horses is Beauty and Sense;
 Then prithee no longer refuse him.

S O N G XXIV.

AT TEND, ye Nymphs, while I impart
 The secret Wishes of my Heart;
 And tell what Swain, if one there be,
 Whom Fate designs for Love and me.

Let Reason o'er his Thoughts preside;
 Let Honour all his Actions guide;
 Stedfast in Virtue let him be,
 The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Let solid Sense inform his Mind,
 With pure good Nature sweetly join'd,
 Sure Friend to modest Merit be,
 The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Where Sorrow prompts the pensive Sigh:
 Where Grief bedews the drooping Eye:
 Melting in Sympathy I see
 The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Let

Let fordid Av'rice claim no Part
Within his tender gen'rous Heart ;
Oh ! be that Heart from Falshood free,
Devoted all to Love and me.

S O N G XXV.

YOU may say what you will, but *Belinda's* too tall,
And *Stella's* all Bone, and her Shape is too small ;
Dear *Chloe's* my Wish, tho' extensive her Charms,
Tho' the Front of her Stays is too wide for my Arms.

'Tis certain Miss *Fanny's* a sweet little Dear,
And Zephyrs spring Odours when *Lucy* is near :
But *Chloe's* all Sweetness by Nature design'd,
We might call her an Hogshead of Double-refin'd.

When she dances, then leaps my fond Heart like a Frog,
When with Rapture I press her, I'm lost in a Fog ?
I beg for a Kiss, while my Vows I renew,
And imbibe Half a Pint of ambrosial Dew.

She frequently mentions young *Strephon* the Beau,
But why should I reckon my Rival a Foe ;
E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me Pain,
We both shall find more than our Arms will contain.

I've oft overheard the ill-natur'd Expression,
That Beauty so bulky, must pall in Possession :
In his Notion the Critick is surely misled,
Love's Flame by her Fat will be constantly fed.

Some Nymphs have angelical Sweetness and Grace,
But *Chloe* has rather a Cherubim's Face ;
She's always good humour'd, facerious and free,
And only gives Pain when she sits on my Knee.

I start

46 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

I start not as tim'rous Fribbles have done,
At the Substance of three or four Females in one ;
First balance her Weight with His Majesty's Coin,
Then let the dear ponderous Charmer be mine.

S O N G XXVI.

COME, *Celia*, view the ruddy Morn,
Behold *Aurora's* Blush,
Whose golden Rays gild every Thorn,
And beautify each Bush.

The sable Night and noxious Air
Are driven far away ;
The blooming Morn invites my Fair
To rural Sports and Play.

With shrilly Matrins ev'ry Grove
Proclaims the rising Day ;
Methinks the Warblers oft have strove
To say, come, come away.

Then, let us haste to yonder Dale,
Where *Flora's* Gifts abound ;
And there shall mutual Love prevail,
While Odours breathe around.

There cooling Zephyrs waft from far
The Fragrance of each Flower,
While tuneful Warblers charm the Ear
With Notes of Love's soft Power.

And we on easy Banks of Flowers,
Amidst the Vi'lets lean,
Inclos'd within a pleasant Bower,
Of Flow'ers gay and green.

While

While I admire thy Form divine,
Thy Charms resistless prove ;
Thy inward Self, thy noble Mind,
Excites the fondest Love.

Then happy we, in mutual Bliss
Of Innocence and Love ;
We'll kiss and talk, and talk and kiss,
Without offending Love.

In cooing Transports we will spend,
The busy, hasty Day,
'Till *Thetis* clasps her fiery Friend,
And steals him quite away.

SONG XXVII.

WHEN fair *Serena* first I know,
By Friendship's happy Union charm'd ;
Incessant Joys around her flew,
And gentle Smiles my Bosom warm'd.

But when with fond officious Care,
I prest to breathe my am'rous Pain ;
Her Lips spoke nought but cold Despair,
Her Eyes shot Ice thro' ev'ry Vein.

Thus in *Italia's* lovely Vales,
The Sun his genial Vigour yields ;
Reviving Heat each Sense regales,
And Plenty crowns the smiling Fields.

When nearer we approach his Ray,
High on the *Alps* stupendous Brow ;
Surpriz'd, we see pale Sun-Beams play
On everlasting Hills of Snow.

SONG

SONG XXVIII.

WHEN the loud Waves in Mountains rise,
 And Tempests mingle Seas and Skies ;
 The dauntless Sailor plies his Oar,
 Bounds o'er the Surge, and gains the Shore.

But if a smooth alluring Breeze,
 Invites to tempt the faithless Seas ;
 He trusts not to the flatt'ring Gale,
 But wisely furls the flowing Sail.

So when harsh Fortune low'rs her Brow,
 With Courage wait th' impending Blow ;
 From the firm Breast her Darts rebound,
 While coward Slaves lament the Wound.

If then the smiling Wanton pours
 Upon thy Head his golden Showers ;
 Watch ev'ry Motion of thy Mind,
 And keep the rising Joy confin'd.

SONG XXIX.

IN vain you think your Beauty's Rays
 Have Pow'r to melt my Heart ;
 When your coy Frowns, a thousand Ways,
 Such freezing Blasts impart.

In Winter radiant *Phœbus* glows,
 With genial Heat in vain ;
 From icy Regions *Boreas* blows
 To freeze the steril Plain.

Your Beauty thus, like *Phœbus*, warms,
 And wakes the soft Desire :
 And your Disdain, like freezing Storms,
 Resists the gen'rous Fire.

O! *Celia* !

O ! *Celia* ! let *Favonius* sigh,
And bid the Spring draw near ;
Why should you give a cloudy Sky,
And Winter all the Year ?

S O N G X X X.

WAFT me, ye Winds, where Woodbines grow,
Where rising Flow'rs adorn the Spring,
Where gently murmuring Riv'lets flow,
And plaintive cooing Stock-Doves sing.

There, in the cool, the kind Retreat,
Far from the Sports which glad the Plain,
My *Mary's* Falshood I'll repeat,
And to the silent Grove complain.

Then, if by Chance the Maid draws near,
Lur'd by the Music of my Song,
Whisper, ye Gales, that she is there,
And all the tender Strain prolong.

In Notes more moving, I'll relate
The cruel Story of my Woe ;
Until the Fair lament my Fate,
And griev'd she's us'd her True-love so.

S O N G X X X I.

IF Beauty's Bloom bespeak the Mind,
As fair by Nature's Hand design'd ;
What, as an Angel's Form we see,
Our flatt'ring Wishes hope in thee !

But, ah ! when knowing ev'ry Grace,
We scorn the Mind, yet love the Face ;
By Fits the smoth'ring Passion burns,
And Love and Folly move by Turns.

E

As

As thus with ravish'd Eyes we gaze,
 With Raptures glow, and burst to Praise :
 You speak—the pleasing Vision flies,
 We think, we pity, and despise.

S O N G XXXII.

BY the gaily circling Glass,
 We can see how Minutes pass ;
 By the hollow Cask are told,
 How the waining Night grows old,
 How the waining Night grows old :
 Soon, too soon, the busy Day,
 Drives us from our Sport and Play ;
 What have we with Day to do ?
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you,
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

S O N G XXXIII.

PREACH not ~~me~~ your musty Rules,
 Ye Drones that mould in idle Cell ;
 The Heart is wiser than the Schools,
 The Senses always reason well :
 If short my Span, I less can spare,
 To pass one single Pleasure by ;
 An Hour is long, if lost in Care,
 They only live, who Life enjoy,

S O N G XXXIV.

THAT *Jenny's* my Friend, my Delight, and
 my Pride,
 I always have boasted, and seek not to hide :
 I dwell on her Praises wherever I go,
 They say I'm in Love, but I answer, No, no,
 They say I'm in Love, &c.

At Ev'ning oft-times, with what Pleasure I see,
A Note from her Hand, I'll be with you at Tea :
My Heart how it bounds, when I hear her below,
But say not 'tis Love, for I answer, No, no,
But say, &c.

She tells me her Faults, as she sits on my Knee ;
I chide her, and swear she's an Angel to me :
My Shoulder she tips, and still bids me think so,
Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no,
Who knows, &c.

From Beauty and Wit, and good Humour how I,
Should Prudence advise, and compel me to fly :
Thy Bounty O! Fortune, make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No,
And let me, &c.

S O N G XXXV.

LEAVE, Neighbours, your Work, and to sport
and to play,
Let the Tabor strike up and the Village be gay,
Let the Tabor strike up and the Village be gay :
No Day thro' the Year shall more chearful be seen,
For *Ralph* of the Mill marries *Sue* of the Green,
For *Ralph* of the Mills marries *Sue* of the Green.

*I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the Wind blows,
And while the Mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we ?*

Let Lords and fine Folks, who for Wealth take a Bride,
Be married To-day and To-morrow be cloy'd, &c.
My Body is stout, and my Heart is as sound,
And my Love like my Courage will never give Ground.
I love Sue, &c.

52 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Let Ladies of Fashion the best Jointures wed,
And prudently take the best Bidders to Bed, &c.
Such Signing and Sealing's no Part of our Bliss,
We settle our Hearts, and we seal with a Kiss.

I love Sue, &c.

Tho' *Ralph* is not courtly, nor none of your Beaus,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine
Cloaths, &c.

In nothing he'll borrow from Folks of high Life,
Nor e'er turn his Back on his Friend, or his Wife.

I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my Mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy Tongue but
lies still, &c.

Our Joys shall continue, and ever be new,
And none be so happy as *Ralph* and his *Sue*.

I love Sue, &c.

S O N G XXXVI.

SAYS *Damon* to *Phillis*, suppose my fond Eyes,
Reveal with what Ardour I glow,
Reveal with what Ardour I glow?

Well, what if they do, there's no Harm sure, she cries?

I can but deny you, you know, you know,

I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those Lips a sweet Kiss,
Say, wou'd you the Favour bestow, &c.

Lord bless me, said she, what a Question is this?

I can but deny you, you know, you know, &c.

Suppose not contented, I still ask for more,
For Pleasrre from Pleasure will grow, &c.

Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,

I can but deny you, you know, you know, &c.

Come

Come then, my dear Love, to the Woods let's repair,
Cry'd *Damon*, and offer'd to go,
Cry'd *Damon*, and offer'd to go :
No, no, with a Blush, answer'd *Phillis*, for there,
I could not deny you, you know, you know,
I could not deny you, you know.

S O N G XXXVII.

GO happy Paper, gently steal,
And underneath her Pillow lie ;
There, in soft Dreams, my Love reveal ;
That Love which I must still conceal ;
And, wrapt in awful Silence, die.

Should Flames be doom'd by hapless Fate,
To Atoms thou would'st quickly turn ;
My Pains may bear a longer Date,
For should I live, and should she hate,
In endless Torments I should burn.

Tell fair *Aurelia* she has Charms,
Might, in a Hermit, stir Desire :
T' attain the Heav'n that's in her Arms,
I'd quit the World's alluring Charms,
And to a Cell content retire.

Of all that pleas'd my ravish'd Eye,
Her Beauty should supply the Place :
Bold *Raphael's* Strokes, and *Titian's* Die,
Should but in vain presume to vie
With her inimitable Face.

No more I'd wish for *Phæbus's* Rays,
To gild the Object of my Sight :
Much less, the Taper's faintly Blaze,
Her Eyes should measure out my Days,
And when she slept, it should be Night.

S O N G XXXVIII.

AS *Chloe* on Flowers reclin'd o'er the Stream,
 She sigh'd to the Breeze, and made *Collin* her
 Theme ;

Tho' pleasant the Stream, and tho' cooling the Breeze,
 And the Flowers, tho' fragrant, she panted for Ease,
 And the Flowers, tho' fragrant, she panted for Ease.

The Stream it was fickle, and hasted away,
 It kiss'd the sweet Banks, but no longer would stay ;
 Tho' beauteous, inconstant ; and faithless, tho' fair ;
 Ah ! *Collin* look in, and behold thyself there,
 Ah ! *Collin* look in, &c.

The Breeze that so sweet on her Bosom did play,
 Now rose to a Tempest, and darken'd the Day ;
 As soft as the Breeze, and as loud as the Wind,
 Such *Collin* when angry, and *Collin* when kind,
 Such *Collin* when angry, &c.

The Flowers when gather'd so beauteous and sweet,
 Now fade on her Bosom, and die at her Feet ;
 As fair in their Bloom, and as foul in Decay,
 Such *Collin* when present, and *Collin* away,
 Such *Collin* when present, &c.

In Rage and Despair from the Ground she arose,
 And from her the Flowers so faded she throws ;
 She weeps in the Stream, and she sighs to the Wind,
 And resolves to drive *Collin* quite out of her Mind,
 And resolves, &c.

But what were Resolves, when her *Collin* appear'd,
 The Stream it stood still, and no Tempest was heard ;
 The Flowers recover'd their beautiful Hue,
 She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true,
 She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true.

S O N G

S O N G XXXIX.

THE Morning fresh, the Sun in East,
New gilds the smiling Day ;
The Morning fresh, the Sun in East,
New gilds the smiling Day ;
The Lark forsakes his dewy Nest,
The Fields all round are gaily dress'd,
Arise my Love, and play, and play ;
Arise my Love, and play.

Come forth my Fair, come forth bright Maid,
And bless thy Shepherd's Sight ;
Come forth, &c.
Lend ev'ry folded Flow'r thy Aid,
Unveil the Rose's blushing Shade,
And give them sweet Delight,
And give, &c.

Thy Presence makes all Nature smile,
Those Smiles your Charms improve ;
Thy Presence, &c.
Thy Strains the list'ning Birds beguile,
And, as invite, reward their Toil,
And tune their Notes to Love,
And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Tree,
The Flow'rs in Wreaths I'll twine :
Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Tree,
The Flow'rs in Wreaths I'll twine ;
Per other Eyes ye Beauties see,
Then on my Brows adorn'd shall be ;
Thy happy Fate be mine, be mine,
Thy happy Fate be mine.

S O N G X L.

TELL me lovely Shepherd where,
 Thou feed'st at Noon thy fleecy Care ;
 Direct me to the sweet Retreat
 That guards thee from the Mid-day Heat.

Left by thy Flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a Guide and lose my Way ;
 Where rest at Noon the bleating Care,
 Gentle Shepherd, tell me where ?

S O N G X L I.

WHILST I gaze on *Chloe* trembling,
 Strait her Eyes my Fate declare :
 When she smiles, I fear dissembling ;
 When she frowns, I then despair.
 Jealous of some rival Lover,
 If a wand'ring Look she give,
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my Passion,
 Or the Torments I endure ?
 I'll disclose my Inclination ;
 Awful Distance yields no Cure.
 Sure it is not in her Nature
 To be cruel to her Slave ;
 She is too divine a Creature,
 To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose Inclination
 Warms but with a gentle Heat,
 Never mounts to raging Passion ;
 Love's a Torment, if too great.
 When the Storm is once blown over,
 Soon the Ocean quiet grows ;
 But a constant faithful Lover
 Seldom meets with true Repose.

S O N G

S O N G XLII.

WHEN I liv'd in my Grandmother's Cot,
What a happy young Damsel was I ;
Each Day we'd the Spit or the Pot,
With Plenty of Pudding and Pye :
I'd a Horse that cou'd amble and trot,
And good Neighbours to visit hard by ;
Yet I wanted, I could not tell what,
And I sigh'd, but I could not tell why,
I sigh'd, I sigh'd, I sigh'd, but I could not tell why.

My Daddy he bought me a Knot,
With a Fan, and a new-fashion'd Fly ;
A Pair of Silk Shoes too I got,
To wear when the Weather was dry :
Yet to pine all the Day was my Lot,
And in Bed ever restless to lie ;
For I wanted, I could not tell what,
And I sigh'd, but I could not tell why,
And I sigh'd, but I could not tell why.

For Counsel I car'd not a Jot,
Resolv'd some new Project to try ;
And I thought I should die on the Spot,
If a pretty young Fellow pass'd by :
At last a brisk Husband I got,
'Twas the Man I had long in my Eye ;
He gave me, I must not tell what,
And I love him, I need not tell why,
And I love him, I need not tell why.

S O N G XLIII.

AT *St. Osyth* by the Mill
There lives a lovely Lass,
O had I her good Will,
How gayly Life would pass :

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No bold intruding Care
My Bliss should e'er destroy ;
Her Smiles would gild Despair,
And brighten ev'ry Joy.

Like Nature's rural Scene,
Her artless Beauties charm ;
Like them with Joy serene,
Our wishing Hearts they warm ;
Her Wit with Sweetness crown'd,
Steals ev'ry Sense away ;
The list'ning Swains around
Forget the short'ning Day.

Health, Freedom, Wealth, and Ease,
Without her tasteless are ;
She gives them Pow'r to please,
And makes them worth our Care.
Is there, ye Fates, a Bliss
Reserved for my Share ?
Indulgent hear my Wish,
And grant it all in her.

SONG XLIV.

DAMON and CHLOE.

A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

WHILST, *Chloe*, I possess'd thy Charms,
And liv'd and sported in those Arms ;
When sighing, panting, on that Breast,
The Gods themselves were not so blest.

CHLOE.

Whilst *Damon* was an honest Youth,
And bore a Heart of open Truth ;

How

How proud was *Chloe* of her Swain,
The happy'st Nymph on all the Plain?

D A M O N.

But now my Joys in *Phillis* lie,
She feasts my Soul, my Taste, my Eye;
With Transports does each Sense invade,
I'd die to serve the lovely Maid.

C H L O E.

And *Collin* now is my Delight,
I glow with Rapture in his Sight;
I twice could die, nor think it Pain,
To save my *Collin*, charming Swain!

D A M O N.

What if again my Bosom burn,
And Passion's gen'rous Flame return?
If *Phillis* from my Heart I chace,
And you resume the fickle Place?

C H L O E.

Then, tho' you have been much unkind,
As restless as the wav'ring Wind;
I'll bid the gentle Youth farewell,
And with my *Damon* ever dwell.

T O G E T H E R.

Then perish ev'ry roving Thought,
With Constancy our Souls are fraught:
To Bliss immortal Life shall move,
No Joys below like Truth and Love.

S O N G

SONG XLV.

ONE Summer's Eve as *Strephon* rov'd,
 Wrapt up in Thought profound ;
 Surpriz'd he saw his Best-belov'd,
 Lie sleeping on the Ground :
 Awake, my pretty Sleeper, wake,
 Awake to *Strephon's* Call ;
 Be careful, for your Lover's sake,
 'Tis Night, the Drew-drops fall.

Then to her Cheek his Lips he laid,
 And gently stole a Kiss ;
 She still slept on, he not dismay'd,
 Repeats the transient Bliss :
 She wakes, and thus with eager Tone,
 Away, away, she cries ;
 Then fault'ring, bids the Swain begone :
 She sigh'd and clos'd her Eyes.

'Tho' cruel are your Words, sweet Maid,
 Can Sighs proceed from Hate ?
 My Doubts are gone, then down he laid,
 Resolv'd to share her Fate.
 Defended from the noxious Air,
 Within his Arms she lay ;
 And tho' the Swain oft wak'd the Fair,
 She said no more 'till Day.

SONG XLVI.

TO keep my gentle *Jesse*,
 What Labour wou'd seem hard ?
 Each toilsome Task how easy ?
 Her Love the sweet Reward.

The Bee thus uncomplaining,
 Esteems no Toil severe ;
 The sweet Rewards obtaining,
 Of Honey all the Year.

SONG

S O N G XLVII.

Farewel my *Pastora*, no longer your Swain,
Quite sick of his Bondage, can suffer his Chain :
Nay, arm not your Brow with such haughty Disdain,
My Heart leaps with Joy to be free once again.

Sing tol derol derol derol tol lol derol lol lol,

Sing tol derol lol lol derol derol.

I'll live like the Birds, those sweet Tenants of *May*,
Who always are sportful, who always are gay :
How sweetly their Sonnets they carol all Day !
Their Love is but Frolick, their Courtship but Play.

Sing tol derol, &c.

If struck by a Beauty they ne'er saw before,
In chirping soft Notes they her Pity implore :
She yields to Intreaty ; and when the Fic's o'er,
'Tis an hundred to ten that they never meet more.

Sing tol derol, &c.

S O N G XLVIII.

LOVE and Folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise ;
They fell out, and in the Fray
Folly put out *Cupid's* Eyes.
Straits the Criminal was try'd,
And had his Punishment assign'd ;
Folly should to Love be ry'd,
And condemn'd to lead the Blind.
Then wisely let's venture ourselves to deceive,
Since Fate has decreed us to love and believe ;
For all we can gain by our Wisdom and Eyes,
Is to find ourselves cheated, and wretched when wise,
For all we can, &c.

F

S O N G

S O N G XLIX.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
 How to make a Lover yield ;
 How to keep, and how to gain,
 When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
 While I yet am young and true ;
 E'er I can my Soul disguise,
 Heave my Breasts, and roll my Eyes.

Stay not 'till I learn the Way,
 How to lie and to betray :
 He that has me first is blest,
 For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming Youth,
 Full of Love and full of Truth,
 Brisk, and of a janty Mien,
 I should long to be Fifteen.

S O N G L.

FOR many unsuccessful Years
 At *Cynthia's* Feet I lay,
 Bathing them often with my Tears ;
 I sigh'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate Wretch before the Shrine
 Of some lov'd Saint above,
 E'er thought his Goddess more divine,
 Or paid more awful Love.

Still the disdainful Nymph look'd down
 With coy insulting Pride,
 Receiv'd my Passion with a Frown,
 And turn'd her Head aside.

Then

Then *Cupid* whisper'd in my Ear,
Use more prevailing Charms;
You modest, whining Fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your Arms.

With eager Kisses tempt the Maid,
From *Cynthia's* Feet depart;
The Lips he briskly must invade,
That would possess the Heart.

With that I shook off all the Slave,
My better Fortune try'd;
When *Cynthia* in a Moment gave
What she for Years deny'd.

SONG LI.

GIVE us Glasses, my Wench, give us Wine and
we'll quench
The Remembrance of Pain and of Grief;
To the Winds with our Care, for we'll never despair,
While a Bottle can give us Relief,
While a Bottle can give us Relief.
In our Revels and Joy, we'll forget the proud Boy,
Let the *Lethe* its Miracle work;
For as hollow I find, as the Bottle's her Mind,
And her Heart is as light as the Cork,
And her Heart is as light as the Cork.

Ariadne the gay, in Despair as they say,
For the Bully that left her behind,
Would have hang'd or have drown'd,
But in *Bacchus* she found
A new Lover as constant as kind.
These are Fables, my Dear, but the Moral is clear,
It was Wine that her Peace did restore;
When he left the poor Lass,
Why she took to her Glass,
And she never remember'd him more.

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SONG LII.

WHEN Blushes dy'd the Cheek of Morn,
 And Dew-drops glisten'd on the Thorn,
 When Sky-Larks tun'd their Carols sweet,
 To hail the God of Light and Heat :
Philander from his downy Bed,
 To fair *Lisetta's* Chamber sped :
 Crying awake, sweet Love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy Valentine ;
 Awake, awake sweet Love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft Love, that balmy Sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant Eyes,
 Which, that a Kiss she might obtain,
 She artfully had clos'd again :
 He sunk, thus caught in Beauty's Trap,
 Like *Phæbus* into *Thetis's* Lap,
 And ne'er forgot that his Design
 Was but to be her Valentine, &c.

She, starting, cry'd, I am undone !
Philander, charming Youth ! begone,
 For this Time, to your Vows sincere,
 Make Virtue, not your Love, appear :
 No Sleep has clos'd these watchful Eyes ;
 Forgive the simple fond Disguise :
 To generous Thoughts your Heart incline,
 And be my faithful Valentine, &c.

The brutal Passion sudden fled,
 Fair Honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, e'er setting Sun,
 To join two virtuous Hearts in one :
 Their beauteous Offspring soon did prove
 The sweet Effects of mutual Love :
 And from that Hour, to Life's Decline,
 She bless'd the Day of Valentine, &c.

SONG

SONG LIH.

GOOD Father, be peaceful, your Av'rice assuage,
Assume other Passions becoming your Age ;
Release your base Soul from the old Iron Chest,
And melt your hard Heart on your Daughter's soft
Breast.

Then let all rejoice, with one Heart and Voice,
A God has ordain'd it, a God has ordain'd it,
Applaud, applaud, applaud the blest Choice.

Do you, my young Bridegroom, keep sacred those
Bands ;

Let your Heart ever answer the Union of Hands :
Be you prompt to learn, never forward to teach ;
Be profuse of your Smiles, but be sparing of Speech.
Then let all rejoice, &c.

And now, Brother *Proteus*, one Lecture for you ;
To *Britain* return, bid to *China* adieu :
Chinese and *Grotesque* so engrosses high Life,
Some Lady'll buy you, and some Lord take your Wife.
Then let all rejoice, &c.

SONG LIV.

PALÆMON lov'd *Pastora*,
Pastora sigh'd for *Damon* ;
But *Damon* lov'd *Aurora*,
Aurora young *Palamon*.

Palamon gave *Pastora*
A Wreath and Shepherd's Crook ;
And *Damon* gave *Aurora*
A Knot and Reaping-Hook.

Pastora gave to *Damon*
A Cap with Chaplets crown'd ;
Aurora gave *Palamon*
A Pipe with Hazel bound.

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The Cap with Chaplets crown'd,
Young *Damon* gave *Aurora* ;
The Pipe with Hazel bound,
Palamon gave *Pastora*.

The Wreath and Shepherd's Crook,
Pastora gave her *Damon* ;
The Knot and Reaping-Hook,
Aurora gave *Palamon*.

So crossly-turn'd, their Presents went,
Their Loves so oddly varied,
That every Token that was sent,
Its true Design miscarried.

S O N G L V.

CAn'st thou, unkind *Rosetta*, doubt
Thy *Strepson's* ardent Love ?
Thy every Glance must spy it out,
His every Action prove.

When thou'rt in Sight his ravish'd Eyes
On thee alone can gaze ;
And when he speaks, his treach'rous Voice
The latent Flame betrays.

His conscious Cheeks, their Proof to join,
With Warmth, unusual glow :
Happy ! cou'd they thy Breast incline
A mutual Warmth to know.

The infant Passion in his Breast
An easy Lodging found ;
But soon, by vig'rous Growth encreas'd,
It burst the native Bound.

Since

Since then the Love thou did'st impart
 Can't such Confinement bear ;
 What's now too big for *Strepson's* Heart,
 Let thine, *Rosetta*, share.

SONG LVI.

NOW the Sky-Lark swells his Throat,
 With each sweetly vary'd Note ;
 And the Sylvan Chorists sing,
 Ush'ring in the breeze-born Spring.
 Haste, and see fair *Flora* smile,
 Her rich *Eden*, *Britain's* Isle :
 Haste and yield thy Hand to mine,
Flora's Treasures shall be thine.

See ! the little Lambkins bound,
 Gamesome, o'er the flow'ry Ground :
 Mild, and innocent, as thee ;
 Happier far, my Maid, than me.
 They never felt a Lover's Pain,
 Never met with cold Disdain ;
 And, like thee, they start away,
 When I ask thee but to stay.

Calia, shall my tuneful Reed
 Never gain a Lover's Meed ?
 Must I throw my Pipe away,
 And no more resume the Lay ?
 Know, my Fair One, Love refin'd,
 Dignifies the human Mind :
 Heav'n-born Virtue smooths thy Brow,
 And says, " That Love is all below."

SONG LVII.

" Contented all Day I will sit by your Side,
 " Where Poplars, far spreading, o'er-arch the
 " cool Tide :

" And

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“ And while the clear River runs purling along,
 “ The Lark and the Linnet contend in their Song.”

Perhaps when the Nightingale opens her Throat,
 And fills the gay Concert in every Note ;
 Or when Turtles soft Murmurs are heard thro’ the
 Grove,
 You’ll soften to Pity, and listen to Love.

Still should you neglect the Distress of my Heart,
 And Music no tender Emotions impart ;
 In Quest of new Charms the dull Time I’d beguile,
 And bask in the Glow of a Look or a Smile.

S O N G L V I I I.

COME, *Lucinda*, Nymph divine,
 Sister of the tuneful Nine,
 Haste thee to the vocal Grove,
 Breathing Odours, breathing Love.

Be thy Temples deck’d around,
 With a flow’ry Chaplet crown’d ;
 Curling Locks o’erspread thy Breast,
 In a Mantle lightly dress’d.

On the mossy Bank reclin’d,
 Gently wafted by the Wind,
 Circling Sylvans round thee there
 Shall forget their fleecy Care.

Phæbus, come, forsake thy Choir,
 Wond’ring drop the yielding Lyre ;
 If *Lucinda* sweeps the String,
 Raptur’d Syrens cease to sing.

To *Faunius* be the Song,
 God whom vernal Muses throng ;
 While the Warblers of the Sky,
 Swell the Chorus as they fly.

Come

Come then, Fair One, come away,
Kindly now resume the Lay;
Hear, oh! hear an artless Swain
Pensive wooe thy gentle Reign.

SONG LIX.

WOULD all the Pow'rs attentive be
To hear their Vor'ry's Pray'r,
And grant a Blessing unto me
To banish all Despair;
In Toying sweet I'd spend the Day,
Where artless Shepherds rove,
And Linnets, perch'd on ev'ry Spray,
Invoke my *Daphne's* Love.

For Love shou'd bear the sov'reign Sway,
Its Fire possess each Breast,
While we in Woodbine Bow'rs play,
And live completely blest.
In Pleasure thus, the roving Bee,
That ev'ry Flower sips,
Shall wanton round, and envy me
The Sweets of *Daphne's* Lips.

We'd taste the dewy Sweets of Morn,
Joy should each Bosom fire,
And Mirth my *Daphne's* Face adorn,
And Love her Mind inspire:
Whilst Nature thus is pleas'd to see
The Graces all unite,
The Birds shall chirp, on ev'ry Tree,
My *Daphne* to delight.

SONG LX.

YOUNG *Damon*, once the happiest Swain
That ever pip'd on verdant Plain,
Or sung a Roundelay;

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All jocund Youth to Mirth inclin'd,
The rustic Dance he always join'd
To hail the flow'ry *May*.

'Till Love had reach'd the Shepherd's Heart;
Corinna threw the fatal Dart,
Then griev'd the Wound she made:
No more he flies to rural Sports,
Nor with the mirthful Train resorts,
He seeks the gloomy Shade.

'Twas there, oppress'd with heavy Grief,
Ye Gods, he cry'd, or send Relief,
Or bid the Unpity'd die!
Still must I live and love the Maid!
Ah, cruel Fate!—No more he said,
But fainting heav'd a Sigh!

As oft the Shepherd walk'd the Wood,
So oft *Corinna* list'ning stood
To hear and mock his Pain:
But ne'er, 'till now, a Tear o'erflow'd,
Or one kind pitying Look bestow'd,
On the unhappy Swain.

Now, pierc'd with Agony, she flies,
And *Damon, Damon, Damon*, cries,
Thy tender Heart I broke!
And canst thou speak?—Ah, no, he's dead!
Then rings her Hands; and now they're spread,
The whilst these Words she spoke:

" Oh! *Damon*! tho' I once refus'd
" To hear the softest Words you us'd,
" That might to Pity move;
" Had you the Power to know it now,
" I'd kneel and make a solemn Vow
" No other Swain to love."

Thus

Thus spoke the Fair, and *Damon* found
In ev'ry Word a joyful Sound,
That bid his Fears abate ;
Awhile he gaz'd, then in his Arms
Receiv'd the Maid, with all her Charms,
And bless'd the Change of Fate.

S O N G LXI.

O F an Ailment so killingly sweet I could die ;
For your Sight it so charms me,
Chills, changes, and warms me,
That I wish, and I wish, nor know wherefore, nor why,
And my Soul I could waft it away in a Sigh.

When absent, nor Rest, nor Refreshment I find ;
Tho' alone you can cheer me,
I tremble when near me,
My Senses grow all as bewitch'd as my Mind,
And my Eyes on your Eyes they could look themselves
blind.

S O N G LXII.

M Y Time, O! ye Muses, was happily spent,
When *Phæbe* went with me wherever I went ;
Ten Thousand soft Pleasures I felt in my Breast,
Sure never fond Shepherd like *Collin* was blest !
But now she is gone and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find !
When Things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought it was Spring, but, alas ! it was she.

The Fountain that us'd to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little *Cupid*, if *Phæbe* was there,
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear :
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide ;

Must

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Must you be so chearful, whilst I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

My Dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair One and me;
And *Phæbe* was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,
Come hither poor Fellow, and patted his Head:
But now, when he's fawning I with a sour Look
Cry, Sirrah, and give him a Blow with my Crook;
And I'll give him another, for why should not *Tray*
Be as dull as his Master when *Phæbe's* away?

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throstle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet:
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone;
Her Voice in the Concert, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry Thing else its agreeable Sound.

Will no pitying Power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
To be cur'd thou must, *Collin*, thy Passion remove;
But what Swain is so silly to live without Love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with Despair:
Take heed, all ye Swains, how you love one so fair.

S O N G LXIII.

WHAT Music dwells in *Polly's* Frame
Let her own Voice declare:

What Eyes has she for *Cupid's* Flame,

O! what a Heaven is there!

Whoever hears the tuneful Strain

With Rapture must admire;

Whoever hears (alas, poor Swain!)

Her Slave he must retire.

Not

Not *Venus*, had she with her Charms
The Muses Numbers join'd,
Could give the Heart more swift Alarms,
Or sooner win the Mind.
Nor only with her Voice she wounds ;
Who dares to meet her Eyes,
(Tho' not enchanted by sweet Sounds)
Their Pow'r reveres and dies.

S O N G LXIV.

YOUNG *Damon* would often frequent the green
Shade,
To toy with his *Phillis* and humour the Maid ;
Who lov'd her fond Shepherd, and thought that the
Day
Too hastily fled, as he tun'd her his Lay.

How blest were their Moments, to see the fair Mead
With Cowslips and Primroses charmingly spread ?
The sweet woodland Choir would enliven the Grove,
And waken the Soul to the Language of Love.

But, ah ! like the Cloud that envelopes the Sun,
By Jealousy soon is the Lover undone :
For, while *Damon* tunes up fair *Delia* a Song,
Poor *Phillis* is seen to go weeping along.

So fair, and so sweet, yet so mournful she goes,
Grief hangs on her Cheek like a Blight on the Rose :
Yet the Rose holds its Hue, and its Fragrance retains,
So blushing and rich, as to charm all the Swains.

Oh ! *Damon*, thou know'st not the Pride of the Fair ;
How quick they resent, and how late they despair :
Thy Folly with *Delia* has lost thee thy Love ;
And *Phillis*, by *Golin*, is led to the Grove.

S O N G L X V .

NOW Summer decaying abates of its Heats,
 The Sun later rises and sooner he sets ;
 The Mists in the Morning they droop and they chill,
 And frown in black Clouds on the Brow of the Hill.

The Leaves on the Trees once so lively and green,
 Now turn'd to a Ruffet, quite deaden the Scene ;
 Fast dying, they fall to the Ground and consume ;
 The Earth that late foster'd now finds them a Tomb.

And with the gay Season gay Pleasures expire ;
 Now, mute at *Vaux-Hall* are the Voice and the Lyre ;
 No more with the Fair in the Fresco we rove,
 Where Eyes far out-shine all the Lamps in the Grove.

Yet let not Despondency wholly prevail,
 Our Pleasures with Summer won't totally fail ;
 Tho' from her lov'd Region here Melody flies,
 The Goddess will soon on the Theatre rise.

What tho' the soft Notes no more float in the Gale,
 And Rocks cease repeating each amorous Tale ;
 Our Raptures sweet *Handel* and *Arne* shall revive,
 And our Spirits dance chearful to *Beard*, *Lowe* and *Clive*.

Farewel, then fresh Air and the murmuring Rill,
 And welcome old *London*, late Routes and Quadrille ;
 Where Concerts, Plays, Op'ras and Night-Masquerades
 Excel the whole Summer, its Sunshine and Shades.

S O N G L X V I .

WHEN first I saw my *Fanny's* Face,
 Her Face alone delighted me ;
 Possess'd of ev'ry outward Grace,
 I dreaded Loss of Liberty.

Unblest'd

Unblest'd with Fortune's Smiles to move,
I durst not tell her that I love.

And, oh! I found the heavenly Maid
Had Charms of a superior Kind;
Charms, such as Time can never fade,
The Heav'n-born Beauties of the Mind.
At Sense and Beauty so divine,
What Heart so cold but burns like mine?

Lie still, fond Heart, nor blindly run
On Miseries unknown before;
But, as the *Persian* does the Sun,
At awful Distance her adore.
Resign, fond Heart, to Fate's Decree;
Such Virtues were not made for thee.

S O N G LXVII.

THE Sun his gladsome Beams withdrawn,
The Hills all white with Snow,
Leave me dejected and forlorn,
Who can describe my Woe?
But not the Sun's warm Beams could cheer,
Nor Hills tho' e'er so green,
Unless my *Damon* should appear
To beautify the Scene.

The frozen Brooks, and pathless Vales,
Disjoin my Love and me!
The pining Bird his Fate bewails
On yonder leafless Tree!
But what to me are Birds and Brooks,
Or any Joy that's near?
Heavy the Lutes, and dull the Books,
While *Damon* is not near.

The *Laplander*, who Half the Year
Is wrapt in Shades of Night,
Mourns not, like me, his Winter drear,
Nor wishes more for Light.

76 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

But what were Light without my Love,
Or Objects e'er so fine?
The flow'ry Meadow, Field, or Grove,
If *Damon* be not mine?

Each Moment, from my Dear away,
Is a long Age of Pain;
Fly swift ye Hours, be calm the Day,
That brings my Love again!
O! haste and bring him to my Arms;
Nor let us ever part;
My Breast shall beat no more Alarms,
When I secure his Heart.

S O N G LXVIII.

CHLOE, in your Mirror view,
As you daily us'd to do,
The Image of that lovely Face,
Deck'd with each becoming Grace.

Then, my *Chloe*, straight repair
To the Garden; thence, my Dear,
Bring the damask Rose away,
That flourish'd there but Yesterday.

Seek the Bush on which it grew,
Enlivened by the Morning Dew;
The fragrant Flow'r, alas! is shed,
Scatter'd all its Leaves and dead.

But behold the Laurel there,
Unhurt by Time, still fresh and fair!
Ever verdant see it thrive,
And the wintry Blasts survive.

So, my *Chloe*, shalt thou see,
It will with thy Beauty be:
That Bloom on thy Cheek, dear Maid,
Like the Rose will quickly fade.

But

But innate Sense and Modesty,
Like the Laurel never die :
These, my *Ghloe*, then improve,
For Virtue is the Source of Love.

SONG LXIX.

Q UITE free from Care and gloomy Scenes,
I would with *Daphne* find
Some cooling Shade, o'erhung with Greens,
With sweetest Blossoms join'd :
Where, from all idle Gazers hid,
We'd mutual Joy receive ;
As *Dido* with *Aeneas* did,
When in the am'rous Cave.

On verdant Banks we'd sometimes rove,
The warbling Songsters near ;
With blitheful Strains invite to Love,
And charm my *Daphne's* Ear.
By Streams, meand'ring thro' the Mead,
Where sweet Primroses spread
Their balmy Stores, the Lambkins feed,
And Cowslips Odours shed.

There I, in Turn, my *Daphne* near,
The smiling Hours would pass ;
Whose soft-wreath'd Smiles my Heart would cheer,
O ! *Daphne*, sweetest Lass !
I'd ne'er her harmless Joys molest,
Each thorny Care repel ;
Nor ne'er with Terror fill her Breast,
Whate'er my own besel.

SONG LXX.

MIRANDA's Graces, heav'nly Charms,
Thrill sweetly o'er my ravish'd Soul,
I feel their kind and soft Alarms,
Triumphant reign without Controul.

78 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Ten thousand Loves play in her Smiles,
Here *Cupid* bathes in am'rous Sport,
Forgetting now his Darts and Wiles,
The God of Love here keeps his Court.

The pointed Beams flash from her Eyes,
With modest, but resifless Grace,
While *Venus*, pale with Envy, flies
Her stronger Charms, and fears to gaze.

Transporting Raptures fire my Breast,
When I survey the Nymph divine ;
Grant me, kind Heav'n, this one Request,
O! make the fair *Miranda* mine.

S O N G LXXI.

BEAUTY and Music charm the Soul,
Tho' separate in the Fair ;
What Mortal can their Pow'r controul,
When Heav'n has join'd them there !

What needed then my *Celia's* Art
To sing, or touch her Lyre ?
Your Charms before had won my Heart,
'Twas adding Flame to Fire.

S O N G LXXII.

IN vain the fleeting Clouds we chide,
Or bid the rolling Billows stay ;
Like them does Time our Call deride,
Like them in Silence haste away.

Yet how unjustly we complain
If we the present Instant seize !
He wings his vagrant Flight in vain,
Spice of himself awhile he stays.

If Life's a Passage all must tread,
Happiest who most unheeding stray ;
Who follow where the Graces lead,
And strow with Flowers a thorny Way.

S O N G LXXIII.

*On a Goldfinch flying away, while a Lady was playing
Dear Liberty.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

TO *Handel's* pleasing Notes as *Cbloë* sung
The Charms of heavenly Liberty,
A gentle Bird, till then with Bondage pleas'd,
With Ardour panted to be free ;
His Prison broke, he seeks the distant Plain,
Yet ere he flies tunes forth this parting Strain.

A I R.

Whilst to the distant Vale I wing,
Nor wait the slow return of Spring :
Rather in leafless Groves to dwell,
Than in my *Cbloë's* warmer Cell ;
Forgive me, Mistress, since by thee
I first was taught sweet Liberty,
Dear Liberty.

*Forgive me, Mistress, since by thee
I first was taught sweet Liberty.*

Soon as the welcome Spring shall chear,
With genial Warmth the drooping Year,
I'll tell upon the topmost Spray,
Thy sweeter Notes improv'd my Lay :
Whilst in my Prison, taught by thee,
To warble forth sweet Liberty.
Whilst in my Prison, &c.

80 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Waste not on me an useless Care,
That kind Concern let *Strepson* share ;
Slight are my Sorrows, slight my Ills,
To those that he, poor Captive, feels :
Who kept in hopeless Bonds by thee,
Yet strives not for his Liberty.

Who kept, &c.

S O N G LXXIV.

Angelic Fair, beneath this Pine,
In grassy Verdure let's recline,
And like the Morn be gay :
See how *Aurora* smiles on Spring,
See how the Larks arise and sing
To hail the infant Day.

Resume the Sweetness of thy Tongue,
Which has now charm'd my Ear so long,
With Accents half divine ;
My Pipe shall swell its liquid Strain,
And sink its rising Notes again,
In Unison with thine.

Musick shall waste the Morn, the Day
Will roll, unheeded, as we play,
On Wheels impell'd by Love :
When weary, we will deign to rest
Alternate on each other's Breast ;
While *Cupid* guards the Grove.

What Prince can boast more Happiness
Than I, possessing thee, profess,
All Toils are banish'd hence ?
Say, Mortals, who our Weeds despise,
In what superior Pleasure lies,
To Love and Innocence ?

S O N G

SONG LXXV.

SEE, *Sophia*, how the tinctur'd Vale
Disperses round the fragrant Gale,
And all its Sweets resign :
See too the Rose, that blushing Flow'r,
With envious Charms exert a Pow'r
Inferior far to thine.

The Lambs are sportive o'er the Plain,
The feather'd Songsters tune their Strain
Within the echoing Grove :
No Care disturbs their peaceful Breast—
Your Shepherd too would be as blest,
Would you requite his Love.

Oh ! see how lively Nature seems,
How *Sol* displays his orient Beams,
And gilds the daisied Meads :
Oh ! come and taste the balmy Sweets,
From Bow'r to Bow'r which wand'ring fleets,
To charm my lovely Maid.

To yonder Summit we'll repair,
The Season's flow'ry Prime to share,
And view the varied Scenes :
Or else from Shade to Shade we'll stray,
Let Time regardless steal away,
'Till lost in endless Dreams.

SONG LXXVI.

YOUNG *Femmy* is the gayest Swain
That ever grac'd the flow'ry Plain,
Or join'd in merry Dance ;
His easy Form inspir'd Delight,
The Nymphs are ravish'd with his Sight
Whene'er he does advance.

82 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Calm was the Air, the Sky serene,
A finer Day was never seen,
 When *Patty*, luckless Maid !
Was dancing with as fresh an Air,
As might at once all Hearts insnare,
 By *Cupid* was betray'd.

Sharp was the Dart, it pierc'd her Breast,
No more sh' enjoys her former Rest,
 Or frolicks on the Green ;
She haunts the Vale, or lonely Grove,
In mournful Accents sighs her Love,
 By few is seldom seen.

But let th' unguarded Youth beware,
Nor slight the kind enchanting Fair,
 Lest he should sigh in Turn :
The God of Love in secret lies
In *Patty's* Smiles, or *Lucy's* Eyes,
 And laughs to see their Scorn.

S O N G LXXVII.

THE Sun was sunk beneath the Hill,
 The western Clouds were lin'd with Gold,
The Sky was clear, the Winds were still,
 The Flocks were pent within the Fold ;
When from the Silence of the Grove
Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of Love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant Rose
From the bare Rock or oozy Beach,
Who from each barren Weed that grows
 Expects the Grape or blushing Peach,
With equal Faith may hope to find
The Truth of Love in Womankind.

I have

I have no Herds, no fleecy Care,
No Fields that wave with golden Grain,
No Pasture green, nor Garden fair,
A Damsel's venal Heart to gain :
Then all in vain my Sighs must prove,
For I, alas! have nought but Love.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
Since Womens Hearts are bought and sold ?
They ask not Vows of sacred Truth ;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold :
Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove,
But I, alas! have nought but Love.

To buy the Gems of *India's* Coast,
What Wealth, what Treasure can suffice ?
Not all their Fire can ever boast
The living Lustre of her Eyes :
For these the World too cheap would prove,
But I, alas! have nought but Love.

Oh, *Sylvia* ! since nor Gems, nor Ore,
Can with your brighter Charms compare ;
Consider that I proffer more,
More seldom found—a Heart sincere :
Let Treasure meaner Beauties move ;
Who pays thy Worth, must pay in Love.

S O N G LXXVIII.

AS the *Thames* silent Stream crept pensive along,
And the Winds murmur'd solemn the Willows
among ;

On a green Turf complaining a Swain lay reclin'd,
And wept to the River and sigh'd to the Wind,
And wept to the River and sigh'd to the Wind.

In vain, he cry'd, Nature has waken'd the Spring ;
In vain bloom the Violets, the Nightingales sing :

To

84 *The* MUSES *Holiday, &c.*

To a Heart full of Sorrow no Beauties appear,
Each Zephyr's a Sigh, and each Dew-drop's a Tear,
Each Zephyr's a Sigh, &c.

In vain my *Selinda* has Graces to move,
The Fairest to envy, the Wisest to love ;
Her Presence no more gives Delight to the Eye,
Since without her to live is more Pain than to die,
Since without her to live, &c.

Oh ! that *Somnus's* Pinions would over me spread,
And paint me the Image in Dreams in her Stead ;
The beautiful Vision would soften my Pain ;
But Sleep's a Relief I solicit in vain,
But Sleep's a Relief, &c.

The Wretch thus like me, whose Ears laden with Care,
Is deluded by Hope, and undone by Despair :
His Pains, ever waking, deny him Repose,
And the Moments but vary, to vary his Woes,
And the Moments but vary, &c.

S O N G. LXXIX.

AT *Upton-on-the-Hill*
There lives a happy Pair,
The Swain his Name is *Will*,
And *Molly* is the Fair :
Ten Years are gone and more,
Since *Hymen* join'd these two ;
Their Hearts were one before
The sacred Rites they knew.

Since which auspicious Day,
Sweet Harmony doth reign ;
Both love and both obey ;
Hear this each Nymph and Swain !
If haply Cares invade,
For who is free from Care ?
Th' Impression's lighter made,
By taking each a Share.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with a calm Retreat,
They've no ambitious View;
In Plenty live, nor hate,
Nor envy those that do.
Sure Pomp is empty Noise,
And Cares increase with Wealth;
They aim at truer Joys,
Tranquillity and Health.

With Safety and with Ease,
Their pleasant Life does flow;
They fear no raging Seas,
Nor Rocks that lurk below.
May still a steady Gale
Their little Bark attend,
And gently fill each Sail,
'Till Life itself shall end!

S O N G LXXX.

WHILE from our Looks, dear Nymph, you guess
The secret Passion of our Mind;
My heavy Eyes you say confess,
A Heart to love and Grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! a little Art
To have this fatal Secret found;
With the same Ease you threw the Dart,
'Tis certain, you may shew the Wound.

How can I see you and not love,
While you, as op'ning East, are fair?
While cold as northern Blasts you prove,
How can I love and not despair?

The Wretch in double Fetters bound,
Your potent Mercy may release;
Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
Fair Prophetess, my Grief would cease.

H

S O N G

SONG LXXXI.

I Met young *Damon* t'other Day,
 And near me as he drew,
 No Swain, methought, e'er look'd so gay—
 Upon my Word 'tis true.

With ardent Bliss my Lips he prest,
 Pray, what could *Phillis* do?
 I frown'd—but faith I frown'd in jest—
 Upon my Word 'tis true.

The Shepherd sigh'd and talk'd of Love,
 (A Theme to me quite new)
 Of Angels—Heav'n—and—Pow'rs above,
 And vow'd that all was true.

My Bosom throb'd—I knew not why—
 As still more fond he grew;
 I list'ned to his Tale with Joy—
 Upon my Word 'tis true.

Let *Damon* now be blest, he cry'd,
 And fondly to me flew;
 His Freedom, vain I strove to chide—
 Upon my Word 'tis true.

With Blushes spread, I look'd consent,
 Felt Joys but known to few;
 For now I found what *Damon* meant,
 And all he said was true.

SONG LXXXII.

LONG, long I despair'd a young Shepherd to find,
 Nor proud of his Merit, nor false as the Wind;
 But at last I have got a dear Lad to my Mind;
 Oh! I never can part with my Willy:

We

We hied to the Altar last *Midsummer-Day*,
 I blush'd all the while, and scarce knew what to say;
 But I vow'd, I remember, to love and obey:
 Can I do any less by my *Willy*?

His Breath is as fragrant as fresh Morning Air,
 His Face than the Rose is more ruddy I swear,
 And his Kisses so sweet—oh! beyond all Compare!

'There is not such a Lad as my *Willy*.
 With him none pretends or to pipe or to play;
 But what tender soft Things does the Shepherd not say?
 With Ease, I am sure, he might steal Hearts away;
 But I'll never distract thee, dear *Willy*.

When I droop'd all in Pain, and hung down my Head,
 How kindly he watch'd me! what Tears did he shed!
 He nor left me a Moment 'till Sickness was fled:

Can I ever forget thee, dear *Willy*?
 Should Death from my Sight tear the Shepherd so true,
 Let him take, if he chooses, then me away too;
 For why should I tarry, or what should I do,
 Should I lose such a Lad as my *Willy*?

S O N G LXXXIII.

THE Sun in Virgin Lustre shone,
May Morning put its Beauties on,
 The Warblers sung in livelier Strain,
 And sweeter Flow'rets deck'd the Plain,
 And sweeter Flow'rets deck'd the Plain;
 When Love, a soft intruding Guest,
 That long had dwelt in *Damon's* Breast,
 Now whisper'd to the Nymph, Away,
 For this is Nature's Holiday,
 For this is Nature's Holiday.

The tender Impulse wing'd his Haste,
 The painted Mead he instant pass'd,
 And soon the happy Cot he gain'd,
 Where Beauty slept and Silence reign'd,
 Where Beauty, &c,

88 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Awake, my Fair, the Shepherd cries,
To new-born Pleasure ope thine Eyes :
Arise, my *Sylvia*, hail the *May*,
For this is Nature's Holiday,
For this, &c.

Forth came the Maid in Beauty bright,
As *Phœbus* in Meridian Light :
Entranc'd in Rapture, all confess'd,
The Shepherd clasp'd her to his Breast,
The Shepherd, &c.

Then, gazing with a speaking Eye,
He snatch'd a Kiss, and heav'd a Sigh,
A melting Sigh, that seem'd to say,
Consider, Youth's our Holiday,
Consider, &c.

Ah ! soft, she said, for Pity's sake ;
What ! kiss me e'er I'm well awake !
For this so early came you here ?
And hail you thus the rising Year ?
And hail, &c.

Sweet Innocence, oh, cease to chide !
We'll haste to Joy, the Swain reply'd ;
In Pleasure's flow'ry Fields we'll stray,
And this shall be Love's Holiday,
And this, &c.

A crimson Glow warm'd o'er her Cheek,
She look'd the Thing she dar'd not speak :
Consent own'd Nature's soft Command,
And *Damon* seiz'd her trembling Hand,
And *Damon*, &c.
His dancing Heart in Transport play'd,
To Church he led the blushing Maid ;
Then bless'd the happy Morn of *May* ;
And now their Life's all Holiday,
And now, &c.

SONG

SONG LXXXIV.

HOW little do the Landmen know
Of what we Sailors feel,
When Waves do mount, and Winds do blow ;
But we have Hearts of Steel.
No Danger can affright us,
No Enemy shall flout ;
We'll make the *Monsieurs* right us ;
So toss the Can about.

Stick stout to Orders, Messmates,
We'll plunder, burn, and sink ;
Then, *France*, have-at your *First-rates* ;
For *Britons* never shrink.
We rummage all we fancy,
We'll bring them in by Scores ;
And *Moll*, and *Kate*, and *Nancy*,
Shall roll in *Louis d'Ors*.

While here at *Deal* we're lying
With our noble *Commodore*,
We'll spend our Wages freely, Boys,
And then to *Sea* for more.
In Peace we'll drink and sing, Boys,
In War we'll never fly ;
Here's a Health to *George* our King, Boys,
And the Royal Family.

SONG LXXXV.

GIVE me but a Wife ; I expect not to find
Each Virtue and Grace in one Female combin'd :
No Goddess for me ; 'tis a Woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mould ;
Or she claims my Respect like a Mother, if old :

90 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Thus either can please me, since Woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Like *Venus* she ogles, if squinting her Eye;
If blind, she the roving of mine cannot spy:
Thus either is lovely; for Woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

If rich be my Bride, she brings Tokens of Love;
If poor, then the farther from Pride my Remove:
Thus either contents me; for Woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

I ne'er shall want Converse, if Tongue she possess;
And if mute, still the Rarity pleases no less:
I'm suited to either; for Woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Then cease, ye Profane, on the Sex to descant;
If you've Wit to discern, of Charms they've no Want:
Each Fair can make happy, if Woman we prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

S O N G LXXXVI.

COME, come, my dear Shepherd, our Flocks we
must shear;
In your Holiday Suits with your Lasses appear:
The happiest of Folks are the Guiltless and Free;
And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we?

We harbour no Passion by Luxury taught,
We practise no Arts with Hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our Hearts you may read in our Eyes,
For, knowing no Falshood, we need no Disguise.

By Mode and Caprice are the City Dames led;
But we all the Children of Nature are bred:

By

The MUSES Holiday, &c. 91

By our Hands alone we are painted and drest,
For the Roses will bloom when there's Peace in the Breast.

That Giant, Ambition, we never can dread ;
Our Roofs are too low for so lofty a Head :
Content and sweet Chearfulness open our Door ;
They smile with the Simple, and feed with the Poor.

When Love has possess'd us, that Love we reveal ;
Like the Flocks that we feed are the Passions we feel :
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine Folk to deceive and betray.

S O N G LXXXVII.

ONE Ev'ning in Spring, when the Meadows were
gay,
When the Larks and Linnets are tuning their Lay ;
So sweetly they sang thro' their warbling Throats,
The Valleys repeated their echoing Notes.

'Twas then the young *Damon* the Woodlands drew near,
To breathe the cool Breezes with *Phillis* the Fair :
Where Nightingales Notes so enchanted the Grove,
The Shepherd there melted his *Phillis*, to Love.

Young *Damon* then tuned his Pipe to her Song,
And around the aerial Choristers throng,
And ceased their Notes : In Attention profound,
Their Lambkins (from sporting) stood gazing the
Sound.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

BENEATH a Beach, the other Day,
Of *Stella's* Charms I thought ;
Then tun'd my Pipe with am'rous Lay,
And, wand'ring, *Stella* sought.

92 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

The bleating Plain, the silent Grove,
I travers'd for my Fair;
Methought I 'spy'd the Queen of Love;
By *Jove*, says I, 'tis her.

'Tis her, by that celestial Mien,
That dimpled, smiling Face;
'Tis her, by *Jove*, the *Paphian* Queen
Wants *Stella's* softer Grace.

But, oh! ye Gods, how great my Bliss,
'Twas *Stella* did appear;
I dropp'd my Pipe, and stole a Kiss,
Then banish'd all my Care.

S O N G LXXXIX.

YE true honest *Britons*, who love your own Land,
Whose Sires were so brave, so victorious and free,
Who always beat *France*, when they took her in Hand;
Come, join honest *Britons* in Chorus with me.
Let us sing our own Treasures, Old England's good Chear,
The Profits and Pleasures of stout British Beer;
Your Wine tippling, Dram sipping Fellows retreat,
But your Beer drinking Britons can never be beat.

The *French*, with their Vineyards, are meagre and
pale,
They drink of the squeezing of half ripen'd Fruit;
But we, who have Hop-Grounds to mellow our Ale,
Are rosy and plump, and have Freedom to boot.
Let us sing our own Treasures, &c.

Should the *French* dare invade us, thus arm'd with our
Poles,
We'll bang their bare Ribs, make their lanthorn-
jaws ring;
For your Beef eating, Beer drinking *Britons* are Souls,
Who will shed their last Drop for their Country
and King.
Let us sing our own Treasures, &c.

S O N G

S O N G X C.

YOUNG *Jockey*, who teaz'd me a Twelvemonth, or
more,

Now bolder is grown than was Mortal before ;
He whispers such Things as no Virgin should hear,
And he presses my Lips with a Warmth I can't bear,
And he presses my Lips with a Warmth I can't bear.

With Stories of Love he would soften my Mind,
And his Eyes speak a Temper to Mischief inclin'd ;
But I vow not a Moment I'll trust him alone,
And when next he grows rude I will bid him begone,
And when, &c.

Of Honour and Truth not a Word has he spoke,
And his Actions declare he thinks Virtue a Joke :
He shall find his Mistake, if he ventures to try ;
For, than yield on such Terms, oh ! I rather would die,
For, than, &c.

With no Creature beside he such Freedom dare take ;
Yet the Handsome and Witty he quits for my Sake :
But how can I think that he loves me the best,
Or how can I love him who'd break all my Rest ?
Or how, &c.

Oh ! *Jockey*, reform, nor be foolish again,
Lest you lose a fond Heart you shall never regain :
If you change your Behaviour, and to Church chuse
to go,
I'll forgive all that's past, and will never say No,
I'll forgive, &c.

S O N G X C I.

WHEN first I saw my *Delia's* Face,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Bloom and Grace
That Love and Youth cou'd bring ;
Such Sweetness too in all her Form,
I thought her one celestial born,
And took her for the Spring.

Each

94 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Each Day a Charm was added more ;
 Music and Language swell'd the Store,
 With all the Force of Reason :
 And yet so frolic and so gay,
 Deck'd with the op'ning Sweets of *May*,
 She look'd the Summer Season.

Admiring Crowds around her press,
 But none the happy He cou'd guess ;
 Unwist'd her Beauties caught 'em.
 I urg'd my Passion in her Ear ;
 Of Love, she said, she cou'd not hear,
 And yet seem'd ripe as Autumn.

The Rose, not gather'd in its Prime,
 Will fade and fall in little Time ;
 So I began to hint t'her :
 Her Cheeks confess'd a Summer's Glow ;
 But, ah ! her Breast of driven Snow
 Conceals a Heart of Winter.

S O N G XCII.

YOUNG *Thyrsis*, ye Shepherds, is gone :
 I look all around for the Swain :
 He's fled, and Joy with him is flown :
 He leaves me to Sorrow and Pain.
 Where is it I madly would rove ?
 Can ye tell me what's left worth my Stay ?
 Too late I perceive it was Love
 All the while led my Fancy astray,
 All the while led my Fancy astray.

What avails it I tarry behind,
 Now my Heart he has stole quite away ?
 No Comfort on Earth shall I find,
 No Rest or by Night or by Day.

When

When he sung, oh ! I listen'd with Glee :
 When he smil'd, how I languish'd and sigh'd !
 Ne'er thought I the Moment to see,
 Than to see I could wish to have dy'd,
 Than to see, &c.

But who is it comes o'er the Green ?
 'Tis *Thyrsis*, the dear wish'd-for Youth :
 Not Death e'er shall part us I ween,
 For than Death is much stronger his Truth.
 The Muse saw them meet in the Grove,
 Saw the Maid and the Shepherd all blest :
 He vow'd to be true to his Love :
 She dares not to whisper the rest,
 She dares not, &c.

S O N G XCIII.

THE wicked Wits, as Fancy hits,
 All satyrize the Fair ;
 In Prose and Rhyme, in Strains sublime,
 Their Foibles they declare :
 The Kind are bold, the Chaste are cold ;
 These prudish, those too free :
 Ye curious Men, come, tell us then,
 What should a Woman be ?
 What should a Woman be ?

But hard's the Task, and vain to ask,
 Where Optics are untrue ;
 The Muse shall here th' Indicted clear,
 And prove the Crimes on you :
 The Rake is cloy'd, when she's enjoy'd,
 On whom his Wish was plac'd ;
 The Fool deny'd, affects the Pride,
 And rails, to be in Taste,
 And rails, &c.

But, not like these, the Men of Bliss
 Their sure Criterion fix :
 No : Wisdom cries, My Sons, arise,
 And vindicate the Sex :
 'Tis

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'Tis theirs to prove those Sweets of Love
Which others never share;
And evidence, that none have Sense
But who adore the Fair,
But who, &c.

Ye blooming Race, with ev'ry Grace
Celestially impress,
'Tis yours to quell the Cares that dwell
Within the human Breast:
At Beauty's Voice our Souls rejoice,
And Rapture wakes to Birth:
And *Jove* design'd th' enchanting Kind
To form an Heav'n on Earth,
To form, &c.

Oh! ev'ry Art, to win the Heart,
Ye dear Inspirers, try;
Each native Charm with Fashion arm,
And let Love's Light'ning fly:
And hence, ye Grave, your Counsels save,
Which Youth but sets at nought;
For Woman still will have her Will,
And so I think she ought,
And so I think she ought.

S O N G XCIV.

GENTLE Love, to paint my Lover
Let thy Pencil be thy Dart;
Let thy Pencil be thy Dart;
Ev'ry killing Grace discover
Which is glowing in my Heart,
Which is glowing in my Heart.

Be his lovely Eyes defining:
But 'tis fatal to approach, &c.
Where ten thousand Charms are shining:
I, alas! have gaz'd too much, &c.

Be

Be thy Pencil now descending:
 But descend with tender Care, &c.
 Left the new-born Smiles offending,
 Which are ever springing there, &c.

Gently glide o'er ev'ry Feature,
 With bewitching Softness form'd, &c.
 In his Composition, Nature
 Was by Love and *Bacchus* warm'd, &c.

Touch his Lips, design'd for pressing,
 Where thy own fond Mother's Lies, &c.
 Everlasting Love expressing
 From his Mouth and from his Eyes, &c.

Now his Shape and Air surveying,
 How I chide my artless Song! &c.
 I my Fondness am betraying,
 And have done his Beauties wrong, &c.

Oh! how ill I am performing,
 Tho' assisted by thy Dart,
 Tho' assisted by thy Dart!
Florio's Picture is more charming,
 It has painted in my Heart,
 It has painted in my Heart.

S O N G X C V.

DEAR Madam, old *Homer*, an honest blind Bard,
 Has told us, and who need dispute the Man's
 Word?

To withstand the sweet Sirens deluding soft Strain,
 How weak ev'ry Art was, all Efforts how vain?
 To withstand the sweet Sirens deluding soft Strain,
 How weak ev'ry Art was, all Efforts how vain?

To the Charms of the Voice those of Beauty were join'd,
 How pow'rful, when single! resistless, combin'd!

I

And,

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And, living in Ocean some dreadful sharp Rocks on,
Whole Heaps of poor Tars were allur'd to Destruction,
And, living, &c.

For, soon as their sweet flowing Accents were heard,
Plum against the rough Rocks the mad Mariners steer'd:
Thus, like a poor Bird, by the Charmer decoy'd,
The Vessel was split, and the Sailors destroy'd,
Thus, like, &c.

Now, Madam, believe, for 'tis certainly true,
Just, just such a terrible Creature are you:
You act to Perfection the Sirens fell Part:
We are drawn by your Charms, and the Rock is your
Heart,
You act, &c.

But since, cruel Fair, 'tis in vain to deplore,
Or repine, what Thousands have suffer'd before,
I submit; but, oh! grant this last Boon to your Slave,
As I die by your Heart, be your Bosom my Grave.
I submit; but, oh! grant this last Boon to your Slave,
As I die by your Heart, be your Bosom my Grave.

S O N G XCVI.

COnfin'd to the House 'till the Age of Fifteen,
Nor Man but the Clowns of our Parish had seen,
Nor Man but the Clowns of our Parish had seen;
An Aunt to instruct me, a formal old Maid,
A formal old Maid;
And I, silly I, still believ'd all she said,
And I, silly I, still believ'd all she said.

My Aunt in the Grave, to the Town straight I flew,
And instantly fond of each Pleasure I grew;
The Sparks waited round me wherever I went,
And I, silly I, could not guess what they meant,
And I, &c.

They

They call me a Goddess, and, sighing, declare
The Toasts of the Town are not like me so fair;
They vow and declare, and my Pity invoke,
And I, silly I, then believ'd all they spoke,
And I, &c.

They tickled my Pride, but my Heart still was free,
Nor one of them all was a Conquest for me;
'Till young *Strephon* advanc'd, and quickly he taught
What I, silly I, 'till that Moment had sought,
What I, &c.

With good Breeding and Sense his Love he declar'd,
Not like the vain Fops who before had appear'd:
His Expressions were sweet and sprung from his Mind,
And I, happy I, to my *Strephon* was join'd,
And I, happy I, to my *Strephon* was join'd.

S O N G XCVII.

YOUNG *Daphne* was the prettiest Maid
The Eyes of Love cou'd see,
And but one Fault the Charmer had;
'Twas Cruelty to me,
'Twas Cruelty to me.

No Swain that e'er the Nymph ador'd
Was fonder, or was younger;
Yet, when her Pity I implor'd,
'Twas stay a little longer, &c.

It chanc'd, I met the blooming Fair,
One *May* Morn, in the Grove;
When *Cupid* whisper'd in my Ear,
Now, now's the Time for Love, &c.

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I clasp'd the Maid ; it wak'd her Pride :
What ! did I mean to wrong her !
Not so, my gentle Dear, I cry'd ;
But Love will stay no longer, &c.

Then, kneeling at her Feet, I swore
How much I lov'd, how well ;
And that my Heart, which beat for her,
With her should ever dwell, &c.

Consent stood speaking in the Eye
Of all my Care's Prolonger :
Yet, *Daphne* utter'd with a Sigh,
Oh ! stay a little longer, &c.

The Conflict in her Soul I saw
'Twixt Virtue and Desire :
Oh ! come, I cry'd, let *Hymen's* Law
Give Sanction to Love's Fire, &c.

Ye Lovers, guess how great my Joys !
Cou'd Rapture well prove stronger ?
When Virtue spoke in *Daphne's* Voice,
You now—shall stay no longer,
You now—shall stay no longer.

S O N G XCVIII.

'TIS a Twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps they are
twain,
Since *Thyrsis* neglected the Nymphs of the Plain,
And wou'd tempt me to walk the gay Meadows along,
To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song,
To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song.

What at first was but Friendship soon grew to a Flame ;
In my Heart it was Love, in the Youth 'twas the same ;
From

From each other our Passion we sought not to hide,
But who shou'd love most was our Contest and Pride?
But who, &c.

But Prudence soon whisper'd us, " Love not too well,
" For Envy has Eyes, and a Tongue that will tell;
" And a Flame, without Fortune's rich Gifts on its Side,
" The Grave-ones will scorn, and a Mother must chide,
" The Grave-ones, &c.

Afraid of Rebukes, he his Visits forbore,
And we promis'd to think of each other no more;
Or to tarry, with Patience, a Season more kind;
So I put the dear Shepherd quite out of my Mind,
So I put, &c.

But Love breaks the Fences I vainly had made,
Grows deaf to all Censure, and will be repaid;
If we sigh for each other, ah! quit not your Care:
Condemn the God *Cupid*, but bless the fond Pair,
Condemn the God *Cupid*, but bless the fond Pair.

S O N G XCIX.

W H Y will you my Passion reprove,
Why term it a Folly to grieve,
E'er I tell you the Charms of my Love?

She's fairer than you can believe,
She's fairer than you can believe.

With her Mien she enamours the Brave,

With her Wit she engages the Free,

With her Modesty pleases the Grave;

She's ev'ry Way pleasing to me,

She's, &c.

When *Paridel* tries in the Dance

Some Favour with *Phillis* to find,

Oh! how with one trivial Glance

Might she ruin the Peace of my Mind

Might she, &c.

In Ringlets he dresses his Hair,
 And his Crook is bestudded around ;
 And his Pipe——oh ! may *Phillis* beware
 Of a Magic there is in its Sound,
 Of a Magic, &c.

Let his Crook be with Hyacinths bound,
 So *Phillis* the Trophy despise ;
 Let his Forehead with Laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in *Phillis's* Eyes,
 So they, &c.

The Language that flows from the Heart
 Is a Stranger to *Paridel's* Tongue ;
 Yet may she beware of his Art,
 Or sure I must envy the Song,
 Or sure I must envy the Song.

SONG C.

TO take in good Part the Squeeze of the Hand,
 That Language of Lovers who dare not demand,
 And when with another as close and as dear,
 You've made him believe his Happiness near,
 You've made him believe his Happiness near ;
 Then to tell him a Tale, then to tell him a Tale,
 Then to tell him a Tale of a Cock and a Bull ;
 That you meant no such Thing, but was playing the
 Fool,
 That you meant no such Thing, but was playing the
 Fool.

The Tread on the Toe to admit and be free,
 And strait to reply with the Toe Repartee ;
 To express with your Eyes your inward Desires,
 And thus with full Hopes to kindle his Fires ;
 Then to tell him a Tale, &c.

When

When he wants to disclose what he dares not reveal ;
When he looks very silly, and means a great deal ;
When he thinks, if e'er thinking should enter his Brain,
You'll now grant his Wish, the Ease of his Pain ;
Then to tell him a Tale, &c.

To let him, enraptur'd, proceed on to Bliss,
To suffer the Snatch or the Theft of a Kiss ;
When Coyneſs retreating unwillingly flies,
When Sighs answer Murmurs, and Eyes talk to Eyes ;
Then to tell him a Tale of a Cock and a Bull,
That you meant no ſuch Thing, but was playing the
Fool.

S O N G C I.

S O F T pleasing Pains, unknown before,
My beating Boſom feels,
When I behold the bliſſful Bow'r
Where deareſt *Delia* dwells.
That Way I daily drive my Flock ;
Ah ! happy, happy Vale !
There look, and wiſh, and while I look
My Sighs increaſe the Gale,
My Sighs increaſe the Gale.

Sometimes at Midnight I do ſtray
Beneath inclement Skies,
And there my true Devotion pay
To *Delia's* ſleep-ſeal'd Eyes :
So pious Pilgrims nightly roam,
With tedious Travel faint,
To kiſs alone the clay-cold Tomb
Of ſome lov'd fav'rite Saint,
Of ſome, &c.

O tell, ye Shades that fold my Fair,
And all my Blifs contain,
Ah ! why ſhould ye thoſe Bleſſings ſhare,
For which I ſigh in vain ?

But

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But let me not at Fate repine,
And thus my Griefs impart ;
She's not your Tenant—she is mine ;
Her Mansion is my Heart,
Her Mansion is my Heart.

S O N G CII.

THE rising Sun thro' all the Grove
Diffus'd a gladsome Ray ;
My *Lucy* smil'd, and talk'd of Love,
And ev'ry Thing look'd gay :
But, oh ! the fatal Hour was come
That forc'd me from my Dear ;
My *Lucy* then through Grief was dumb,
Or spoke but by a Tear.

Now far from her and Bliss I roam,
All Nature wears a Change ;
The azure Sky seems wrapt in Gloom,
And ev'ry Place looks strange :
Those flow'ry Fields, this verdant Scene,
Yon Larks, that tow'ring sing,
With sad Contrast increase my Spleen,
And make me loath the Spring.

My Books, that wont to sooth my Mind,
No longer now can please ;
There only those Amusements find
That have a Mind at Ease :
Nay, Life itself is tasteless grown,
From *Lucy* whilst I stray ;
Sick of the World I muse along,
And sigh the live-long Day.

S O N G CIII.

TO O long, a giddy wand'ring Youth,
From Fair to Fair, I rov'd :
To ev'ry Nymph I vow'd my Truth ;
Tho' all alike I lov'd :

Yet,

Yet, when the Joy I wish'd was past,
My Truth appear'd a Jest :
But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
That Constancy is best,
That Constancy is best.

Like other Fools, at female Wiles
'Twas my Delight to rail ;
Their Sighs, their Vows, their Tears, their Smiles,
Were false, I thought, and frail :
But, by Reflection's bright'ning Pow'r,
I see their Worth confess ;
That Man cannot enough adore ;
That Constancy is best,
That Constancy is best.

The roving Heart at Beauty's Sight
May glow with fond Desire ;
Yet, tho' Possession yeild Delight,
It damps the lawless Fire :
But Love's celestial faithful Flames
Still catch from Breast to Breast ;
While ev'ry home-felt Joy proclaims
That Constancy is best,
That Constancy is best.

No solid Bliss from Change results ;
No real Raptures flow ;
But, fix'd to one, the Soul exults,
And tastes of Heav'n below.
With Love, on ev'ry gen'rous Mind,
Is Truth's fair Form impress'd ;
And Reason dictates to Mankind,
That Constancy is best,
That Constancy is best.

SONG

S O N G C I V.

YE Belles, and ye Flirts, and ye pert little Things,
 Who trip in this frolicksome Round,
 Pray tell me from whence this Indecency springs,
 The Sexes at once to confound ?
 What means the cock'd Hat, and the masculine Air,
 With each Motion design'd to perplex ?
 Bright Eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And Softness the Test of your Sex—dear Girls,
 And Softness the Test of your Sex.

The Girl who on Beauty depends for Support,
 May call ev'ry Art to her Aid ;
 The Bosom display'd, and the Petticoat short,
 Are Samples she gives of her Trade :
 But you, on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom Pride has preserv'd from the Snare,
 Shou'd slyly attack us, with Coyness and Wiles,
 Not with open and insolent Air—brave Girls,
 Not with, &c.

The *Venus*, whose Statue delights all Mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the View,
 And kindly shou'd seem, by the Artist design'd,
 To serve as a Model for you.
 Then learn, with her Beauties, to copy her Air,
 Nor venture too much to reveal ;
 Our Fancies will paint what you cover with Care,
 And double each Charm you conceal—sweet Girls,
 And double, &c.

The Blushes of Morn, and the Mildness of *May*,
 Are Charms which no Art can procure :
 Oh ! be but yourselves, and our Homage we'll pay,
 And your Empire is solid and sure :

But

But if, Amazon-like, you attack your Gallants,
And put us in Fear of our Lives,
You may do very well for Sisters or Aunts;
Believe me, you'll never be Wives—poor Girls,
Believe me, you'll never be Wives.

SONG CV.

THE Sun was sleeping in the Main,
Bright *Cynthia* silver'd all the Plain;
When *Colin* turn'd his Team to Rest,
And sought the Lass he lov'd the best:
As tow'rd her Cott he jogg'd along,
Her Name was frequent in his Song;
But when his Errand *Dolly* knew,
She vow'd—She'd something else to do,
She'd something else to do,
She vow'd—She'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more
Than any Maid he'd seen before;
In tender Sighs protesting he
Would constant as the Turtle be;
Talk'd much of Death, should she refuse,
And us'd such Arts as Lovers use;
'Tis fine, says *Doll*, if 'tis but true,
But now—I've something else to do;
I've something else to do.

Her Pride then *Colin* thus address'd;
Forgive me, *Doll*, I did but jest:
To her that's kind I'll constant prove,
But trust me, I'll ne'er die for Love.
Tho' first she did his Courtship scorn,
Now *Doll* began to court in Turn;
Dear *Colin*, I was jesting too,
Step in—I've nothing else to do,
I've nothing else to do;
Step in—I've nothing else to do.

SONG

S O N G C V I.

THE Morning Clouds were ting'd with Gold,
 When *Colin* went to view his Fold ;
 And, as he whistled o'er the Plain,
 Young *Dolly* met the perjur'd Swain :
 Anger and Love were in her Eye,
 Her tender Breast heav'd with a Sigh ;
 But when her Grief she come to show,
 He cry'd—I cannot hear thee now,
 I cannot, I cannot, I cannot hear thee now.

In moving Words she told a Tale,
 That might o'er any Heart prevail ;
 Ask'd why he had forsook her Cott ?
 And was poor *Dolly* quite forgot ?
 If so, Tears trembling in her Eye,
 She said, she'd sit her down and dye :
 Do so, says *Colin*, and I vow,
 My Dear—I cannot hear thee now ;
 I cannot, &c.

Resentment kindling o'er her Cheek,
 Says she, another Love I'll seek ;
Damon will prize these slighted Charms,
 And kindly take them to his Arms.
 The Swain, whom Honour cou'd not move,
 By Jealousy was wak'd to Love ;
 Says he, forgive ; see yonder Mow,
 Step there—I'll stay to hear thee now ;
 I'll stay, &c.

S O N G C V I I.

WHEN lovely *Amora* display'd
 The Beauties and Charms of her Mind ;
 With rapturous Wonder I gaz'd,
 And freely my Heart I resign'd,

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Ye Fates then my Passion approve,
Ye Powers confine her to me;
I'm lost to all Joys but her Love,
There's nothing can bless me but she.

Possessing *Amora* secures
Real Pleasure, Content, and true Joy;
Love founded on Reason endures,
No Care can its Blessings destroy.
Don't envy, ye Powers, my Bliss,
Bestow her, I can ask no more;
Her Endearments exceed ev'ry Wish,
'Tis only for her I implore.

S O N G C V I I I.

TO make me feel a Virgin's Charms,
Whose Forces had deny'd;
Gay *Poll* came tempting to my Arms,
What Man could have deny'd?
I kiss'd her Lips, and straightway found
Such Sweetness there in Store,
That, tho' I had receiv'd one Wound,
I wish'd for twenty more,
That, tho' I had receiv'd one Wound,
I wish'd for twenty more.

My new-born Flame now stronger grew,
I thought to cool my Rage;
But, oh! the fair Avenger flew,
Nor would my Pain assuage.
Then boast not Man, thou flutt'ring Fool,
Boast not of thy own Will;
For know, when Woman thinks to rule,
Her Charms have Pow'r to kill,
For know, when Woman thinks to rule,
Her Charms have Pow'r to kill.

K

S O N G

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SONG CIX.

DAMON and *CELIA*.

A DIALOGUE.

CELIA.

YES, *Damon*, yes, I can approve,
See all thy Merit, all thy Love ;
But, shipwreck'd once, I leave the Shore,
And trust the faithless Seas no more,
And trust the faithless Seas no more :
Thy Vows are lost, thy Tears are vain,
For I can never love again,
Thy Vows are lost, thy Tears are vain,
For I can never love again.

DAMON.

And could'st thou then, bewitching Maid,
Could'st thou be slighted or betray'd ?
Or, is it but an artful Tale,
O'er *Damon's* Passion to prevail ?
O'er *Damon's*, &c.
For surely thou wer't born to reign,
To love, and to be lov'd again,
For surely, &c.

CELIA.

If *Celia* could once more believe,
Damon, like *Thyrsis*, would deceive :
And yet, methinks, it cannot be ;
There must be Faith and Truth in thee,
There must, &c.
Trust me, thy *Celia* feels thy Pain,
And wishes she could love again,
Trust me, &c.

DAMON.

D A M O N.

Why, then, those Fears that rack thy Breast?

Say that thou wilt, and I am blest:

But, if my Vows successful prove,

Damon shall bid adieu to Love,

Damon shall bid adieu to Love:

Like thee, resolve to quit the Plain,

And never, never love again;

Like thee, resolve to quit the Plain,

And never, never love again.

S O N G C X.

HAPPY the Man whose Wish and Care
A few paternal Acres bound;
Content to breathe his native Air
In his own Ground.

Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
Whose Flocks supply him with Attire;
Whose Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
In Winter Fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, Days and Years, slide soft away;
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
Quiet by Day:

Sound Sleep by Night, Study and Ease
Together mix'd, sweet Recreation;
And Innocence, which most doth please,
With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the World, and not a Stone
Tell where I lie.

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SONG CXI.

MUSIC has Pow'r to melt the Soul ;
By Beauty Nature's sway'd ;
Each can the Universe controul,
Without the other's Aid ;
Each can the Universe controul,
Without the other's Aid.

But here together both appear,
And Force united try ;
Music enchants the list'ning Ear,
And Beauty charms the Eye ;
Music enchants, &c.

What Cruelty these Pow'rs to join !
These Transports who can bear ?
Oh ! let the Sound be less divine,
Or look the Nymph less fair !
Oh ! let the Sound be less divine,
Or look the Nymph less fair !

SONG CXII.

WHEN *Damon* first my Eyes beheld,
My Heart with secret Transport thrill'd,
And pit-a pat it went :
Young, artless, innocent and shy,
So unexperienced was I,
I wonder'd what it meant.

Whene'er I met him on the Plain,
He'd kiss me, sigh, and kiss again,
And sweetest Tales invent :
And then he'd tell me he must die,
But, as I saw no Danger nigh,
I wonder'd what he meant.

To Nymphs, whom Years had wiser made,
I told the tender Things he said,
And of his sad Complaint :
Full well the tender Things they knew,
For they, like me, had heard them too,
Nor wonder'd what they meant.

They answer'd, Love had touch'd my Heart,
That *Damon*, by his Sex's Art,
Might cause me to repent ;
And that I should desire the Swain
To tell me, when we met again,
If he to wed me meant ?

Rejoic'd, such good Advice to find,
I trip'd, to let him know my Mind,
Across the Mead intent :
I told him, did he not design
With me in *Hymen's* Bands to join,
I wonder'd what he meant.

The Youth, whose Love was aw'd by Fear,
Grew raptur'd, such sweet Sounds to hear :
Straight to the Church we went. —
How wise we all by Marriage grow !
Tho' foolish once, yet now I know,
I know what *Damon* meant.

SONG CXIII.

AS late by *Thames's* verdant Side,
With solitary pensive Air,
Fair *Chloe* search'd the silver Tide,
With pleasing Hope and patient Care :
Forth as she cast the silken Fly,
And musing stroll'd the Bank along ;
She thought no list'ning Ear was nigh,
While thus she tun'd her moral Song.

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The poor, unhappy, thoughtless Fair,
 Like the mute Race, are oft undone;
 These with a gilded Fly we snare,
 With gilded Flattery those are won:
 Careless like them they frolick round,
 And sportive toss th' alluring Bait;
 At length they feel the treach'rous Wound,
 And struggle to be free, too late.

But, ah! fair Fools, beneath this Shew
 Of gaudy Colours lurks a Hook;
 Cautious the bearded Mischief view,
 And e'er you leap besure to look.
 More she'd have sung—when from the Shade
 Rush'd forth gay *Damon*, brisk and young;
 And, wharsoe'er he did or said,
 Poor *Chloe* quite forgot her Song.

S O N G CXIV.

HAD I, ye Swains, the happy Pow'r
 To make the Nymph I wou'd adore,
 Her Skin shou'd be as Lillies fair,
 With rosy Lips and nut-brown Hair,
 With rosy Lips and nut-brown Hair;
 With Limbs well turn'd; her Air and Mien,
 At once, both sprightly and serene,
 At once, both sprightly and sincere;
 Beside all this, a nameless Grace
 Shou'd be diffus'd all o'er her Face.

This for her Form: Now, for her Mind;
 I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,
 Be void of all coquetish Arts,
 And vain Design of conqu'ring Hearts,
 And vain, &c.
 Not sway'd by any Views of Gain,
 Nor fond of giving others Pain,
 Nor fond, &c.

But

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But soft, tho' bright, like her own Eyes;
Discreetly witty, gayly wise.

I'd have her skill'd in ev'ry Art,
That can engage a wand'ring Heart;
Know all the Sciences of Love,
Yet ever willing to improve,
Yet ever, &c.

To press the Hand and roll the Eye,
And sometimes drop an am'rous Sigh,
And sometimes, &c.
And yet I'd have the Charmer be
By Nature only taught, or me.

I'd have her to strict Honour ty'd,
And yet without one Spark of Pride;
In Company well dress'd and fine,
Yet not ambitious to outshine,
Yet not, &c.

In private always neat and clean,
And quite a Stranger to the Spleen;
And quite, &c.
Well pleas'd to grace the Park or Play,
And sometimes dance the Night away.

S O N G CXV.

BLITHE *Colin's* blest Art
Has bewitch'd my young Heart,
And trust me, there's Place for none other:
Should he once cease to wooe,
What must scorn'd *Molly* do?
For there's not in the World such another,
For there's not in the World such another.

No Lad on the Plain
Sure can pipe like my Swain;
So sweetly can carol no other:

Oh!

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Oh! how oft in the Vale
Have I heard his soft Tale!
By Moon-light he'll tell me another,
By Moon-light, &c.

Wit, Beauty, and Truth,
All be-deck the dear Youth:
Persuade me my Love not to smother:
He has Riches in Store;
Yet he courts me, tho' poor:
He swears that he doats on no other,
He swears, &c.

Shou'd he chance to proclaim
To the Shepherds his Flame,
They'll envy and make a great Pother:
Let the Nymphs praise or rail,
All their Malice will fail;
In spite, I will think of no other,
In spite, &c.

To the Church on the Brow
Once he pointed, I vow;
With Kisses me almost did smother:
Not a Word could I say,
But I long for the Day;
He'll marry me one Time or other,
He'll marry me one Time or other.

S O N G CXVI.

WHEN flow'ry Meadows deck the Year,
And sportive Lambkins play;
When spangled Fields renew'd appear,
And Musick wak'd the Day:
Then did my *Chloe* leave her Bow'r
To hear my am'rous Lay;
Warm'd by my Love, she vow'd no Pow'r
Should lead her Heart astray.

The

The warbling Choirs from ev'ry Bough
Surround our Couch in Throngs,
And all their tuneful Art bestow
To give us Change of Songs :
Scenes of Delight my Soul possess'd ;
I blest, then hug'd my Maid :
I robb'd the Kisses from her Breast,
Sweet as a noon-day Shade.

Such Joy, transporting, never fails
To fly away as Air ;
Another Swain with her prevails
To be as false as fair :
What can my fatal Passion cure ?
I'll never wooe again ;
All her Disdain I must endure,
Adoring her in vain.

S O N G CXVII.

A Choir of bright Beauties in Spring did appear
To chuse a *May* Lady, to govern the Year :
All the Nymphs were in white, and the Shepherds in
green ;
The Garland was given, and *Phillis* was Queen :
But *Phillis* refus'd it, and, sighing, did say,
I'll not wear a Garland while *Pan* is away,
I'll not wear a Garland while *Pan* is away.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* are fled from the Shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more ;
The soft God of Pleasure, that warm'd our Desires,
Has broken his Bow, and extinguish'd his Fires,
And vows that himself and his Mother will mourn
Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return,
Till *Pan*, &c.

Forbear

118 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Forbear your Addresses, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity swore ;
But if you dare think of deserving our Charms,
Away with your Sheephooks, and take to your Arms :
Then Laurels and Myrtles your Brows shall adorn,
When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return,
When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return.

S O N G CXVIII.

YOUNG *Colin* sought my Heart to win,
And woo'd as Lovers wooe ;
I, vers'd in all our Sex's Art,
Did just as Maidens do :
Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,
I'd study to be shy at,
And when he press'd his Fate to know,
'Twas prithee, Fool, be quiet,
'Twas prithee, Fool, be quiet.

Month after Month of am'rous Pain,
He made a mighty Fuss ;
Why if, you know, one loves a Swain,
'Tis wrong to say one does :
He told me, Passion could not live
Without more pleasing Diet ;
And pray what Answer could I give,
But prithee, Fool, be quiet ?
But prithee, Fool, be quiet ?

At length he made a bold Essay,
And, like a Man, he cry'd,
Thy Hand, my Dear ; this very Day
Shall *Celia* be my Bride.
Convinc'd he wou'd have teaz'd me still,
I cou'd not well deny it ;
And now, believe me, when I will,
I make the Fool be quiet,
I make the Fool be quiet.

S O N G

SONG CXIX.

COME all ye young Spirits of lively Address,
Ye Arts that can Joy and Good-Humour express;
Come all the soft Numbers that *Ovid* has writ,
To sweeten my Language, inspire my Wit;
For these are all wanting my Flame to declare,
Since *Chloe*, tho' pretty, is witty as fair.

With Flatt'ry attempt not her Bosom to move,
She'll see thro' the Fraud, and perceive it from Love;
Her Wit is so ready, her Judgment so clear,
With a Look she discovers the False from Sincere.
'Tis Wisdom and Truth then my Flame must declare,
Since *Chloe*, tho' pretty, is witty as fair.

SONG CXX.

TWO Ears at a Time are too many for Use,
When they're only the Inlet of Strife;
But few they are found who, tho' wise, would refuse
To possess the fair Organs of Life:
Yet Deafness sometimes of Advantage is found,
Misfortunes may turn to a Blessing;
For when Nonsense distracts, or when Tumults surround,
They then lose the Pow'r of distressing.

Hence I wisely am taught to be deaf of one Ear,
While the other for Use I employ;
One Gate I shut up against Trouble and Care,
And the other keep open for Joy:
When my Consort begins her loud Windpipe to clear,
With a Peal would the World rend asunder,
Serenely I sit, and I cock my deaf Ear,
Unmov'd 'midst the Roar of the Thunder.

T'other

120 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Tother Day comes a Dun, with, good Sir! you well
know——

What say you? speak louder a little:
You know, Sir, you borrow'd three Twelve-Months
ago——

Alas, Friend, I can't hear a Tittle:
You owe me Ten Pounds, then louder he cries,
And repeats it as strong as he can;
I point to my Ears, and lift up my Eyes,
'Till he hardly can think me the Man.

I, as grave as a Don, cry, my Hearing's quite lost;
And my Money, says he, too, I fear:
Pox on him, 'tis Folly to talk to a Post,
So he leaves me as mad as a Hare:
Thus my Life, Night and Day, in soft Indolence flows:
Scolding, Dunning, nor Brawling I fear:
Ye marry'd Men all, as ye wish for Repose,
Be sure to be deaf of one Ear.

S O N G CXXI.

AS I on purple Tap'stry lay,
And slept the tedious Night away,
Well-warm'd within
With sparkling Wine,
I seem'd with Virgins brisk as *May*
To dance, and sing, and wanton play.

The Shepherds all together flew,
And envious glanc'd, and look'd askew;
And ev'ry Swain
Upon the Plain
Both envy'd and reproach'd me too,
That I with Virgins had to do.

The MUSES Holiday, &c. 121

An am'rous Kiss I would have ta'en;
But, waking, found my Hopes were vain;
Then curs'd the Day,
Whose glaring Ray
Bereav'd me of so sweet a Pain;
Then strove to sleep and dream again.

S O N G CXXII.

FAIR is the Swan, the Ermine white,
And fair the Lilly of the Vale;
The Moon, resplendent Queen of Night,
And Snows that drive before the Gale:
In Fairness these the rest excel,
But fairer is my *Isabel*.

Sweet is the Vi'let, sweet the Rose,
And sweet the Morning Breath of *May*;
Carnations rich their Sweets disclose,
And the sweet winding Woodbines stray:
In Sweetness these the rest excel,
But sweeter is my *Isabel*.

Constant the Poets call the Dove,
And am'rous they the Sparrow call;
Fond is the Sky-Lark of his Love,
And fond the feather'd Lovers all:
In Fondness these the rest excel,
But fonder I of *Isabel*.

S O N G CXXIII.

ON a Brook's grassy Brink, in the Willow's cool
Shade,
The Primroses pressing, reclin'd a fair Maid;
She por'd o'er the Stream that limp'd idly along,
Well pleas'd, saw herself, and thus tun'd her soft Song,
Well pleas'd, saw herself, and thus tun'd her soft Song.

L

Tho

122 *The MUSE'S Holiday, &c.*

Tho' the 'Squire's fine Sweetheart should look in the
Stream,

If the Crystal tells truly, more comely I seem :
What's the Daisy, the Peach, or the Strawberry Dye?
With white and red blooming, more comely am I ;
With white, &c.

As oft thro' the Church-Yard on *Sunday* I tread,
While gaping Louts grinning o'er Tomb-Stones are
spread,

With Raptures they praise me ; I keep on my Way,
And, down-looking, seem not to hear what they say ;
And, down-looking, &c.

Each kneeling Swain loudly protests I am fair ;
Yet none can delight me, 'till *Strephon* I hear :
Speed your Search, ye shrill Songsters, 'till *Strephon*
ye see,

'Then tell him he's stay'd for, he's stay'd for by me ;
Then tell him he's stay'd for, he's stay'd for by me.

S O N G CXXIV.

O *Mary* ! soft in Feature !
I've been at dear *Vauxhall* ;
No Paradise is sweeter,
Not that they *Eden* call :
At Night such new Vagaries,
Such gay and harmless Sport,
All look'd like giant Fairies,
And this their Monarch's Court.

Methought, when first I enter'd,
Such Splendor round me shone,
Into a World I ventur'd,
Where rose another Sun ;
Whilst Musick, never cloying,
As Sky-larks sweet I hear ;
The Sounds I'm still enjoying ;
They'll always sooth my Ear.

Here

Here Paintings, sweetly glowing,
Where'er our Glances fall ;
Here Colours, Life bestowing,
Bedeck this Greenwood-Hall :
The King there dubs a Farmer ;
There *John* his Doxey loves ;
But my Delight's the Charmer
Who steals a Pair of Gloves *.

As, still amaz'd, I'm straying
O'er this enchanted Grove,
I spy a Harper † playing
All in his proud Alcove :
I doff my Hat, desiring
He'd tune up buxom *Joan* ;
But, what was I admiring ?
Adzooks, a Man of Stone.

But now, the Tables spreading,
They all fall to with Glee ;
Not e'en at 'Squire's fine Wedding
Such Dainties did I see :
I long'd (poor starveling Rover ;)
But none heed Country Elves :
These Folk, with Lace daub'd over,
Love only dear themselves.

Thus, whilst 'mid Joys abounding,
As Grasshoppers they're gay ;
At Distance, Crowds surrounding
The Lady of the *May* § :

L 2

The

* Alluding to three Pictures in the Pavillions, viz. the King and Miller of Mansfield, the Sailor in a Tippling-House in Wapping, and the Girl who is stealing a Kiss from the sleeping Gentleman.

† Mr. Handel's Statue.

§ Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, sitting under a splendid Pavillion.

124 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

The Man i' th' Moon peep'd slyly,
Soft twinkling thro' the Trees,
As tho' 'twould please him highly
To taste Delights like these.

S O N G CXXV.

FROM tyrant Laws and Customs free,
We follow sweet Variety;
By Turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
Love for ever on the Wing.

Why should niggard Rules controul
Transports of the jovial Soul?
No dull stinting Hour we own;
Pleasure counts our Time alone.

S O N G CXXVI.

FAREWEL, ye green Fields and sweet Groves,
Where *Strepson* engag'd my poor Heart;
Where Nightingales warble their Throats,
And Nature is dress'd without Art:
No Pleasure they now can afford,
Nor Music can lull me to Rest;
For *Strepson* proves false to his Word,
And *Phillis* can never be blest.

Of times, by the Side of a Spring,
Where Roses and Lillies appear;
Gay *Strepson* of *Phillis* would sing;
For *Phillis* was all he held dear:
So soon as he found, by my Eyes,
The Passion that glow'd in my Breast,
He then, to my Grief and Surprise,
Prov'd all he had said was a Jest.

Too soon, to my Sorrow, I find,
The Beauties alone that will last
Are those that are fix'd in the Mind,
Which Envy, nor Time, cannot blast:

Beware

Beware then, ye Fair, how ye trust
The Fool, who to Love makes Pretence ;
For *Strepson* to me had been just,
If Nature had blest him with Sense.

S O N G CXXVII.

NOR on Beds of fading Flow'rs,
Shedding soon their gaudy Pride ;
Nor with Swains in Siren Bow'rs,
Will true Pleasure long reside :
On awful Virtue's Hill sublime
Enthroned sits th' immortal Fair ;
Who wins her Height must patient climb ;
The Steps are Peril, Toil and Care :
So, from the first, did *Jove* ordain
Eternal Bliss for transient Pain.

S O N G CXXVIII.

NOW lighter and gayer, ye tinkling Strings,
Sound ;
Light, light in the Air, ye nimble Nymphs, bound ;
Now, now, with quick Feet, the Ground beat, beat,
beat ;
Now, now, with quick Feet, the Ground beat, beat,
beat :
Now cold, and denying ;
Now kind, and complying ;
Consenting, repenting,
Disdaining, complaining,
Indiff'rence now feigning :
Again, with quick Feet, the Ground beat, beat, beat.

S O N G CXXIX.

YOUNG *Colin* sought my Heart to gain ;
The Shepherd, lost in Love,
Each Morn he woo'd me on the Plain,
Each Noon within the Grove ;

126 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Yet my Denial still was this,
 Pshaw! Man, I can't endure you;
 And if he offer'd but to kiss,
 Such Rudeness!—I'll assure you, I'll assure you,
 Such Rudeness!—I'll assure you.

For twenty Youths, not he alone,
 The am'rous Flame confest;
 And, had I once been kind to one,
 I'm sure I'd lost the rest:
 Beside, he us'd no pretty Arts,
 But sagely wou'd allure me;
 While others talk'd of Flames and Darts
 'Twas pretty—I'll assure ye,
 'Twas pretty, &c.

My Face, my Form, were prais'd aloud;
 My Wit new Conquests fir'd;
 And 'twas enough to make one proud,
 To be so much admir'd:
 At length, Reflection shew'd the Fate
 Such Flatt'ry might procure me,
 And Virtue warn'd to shun the Bait,
 Nor vainly—I'll assure ye,
 Nor vainly, &c.

I bid the fighting Train depart;
 This Maxim pleas'd to prove,
 That Flatt'ry fills the sensual Heart,
 But Truth the Heart of Love:
 Young *Colin*, wont in vain to plead,
 Of Vanity to cure me;
 Now woo'd again, and now indeed
 I lov'd him—I'll assure ye,
 I lov'd him, &c.

I blam'd myself, such Scorn to bear
 To Merit, now so clear:
 By my Example, learn, ye Fair,
 To prize the Youth sincere:

We

We instant join'd the nuptial Tye,
He raptur'd to ensure me;
And, trust me, Damsels, when you try,
'Twill charm you—I'll assure you,
'Twill charm you—I'll assure you.

S O N G CXXX.

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st, unseen,
Within thy airy Cell,
By flow Meander's Margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd Vale,
Where the love-lorn Nightingale,
Nightly, to thee her sad Song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair,
That likest thy *Narcissus* are?
Oh! if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry Cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere;
So may'st thou be translated to the Skies,
And give resounding Grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

S O N G CXXXI.

COME, come, bid adieu to Fear,
Love and Harmony live here:
No domestic jealous Jars,
Buzzing Slanders, wordy Wars,
In my Presence will appear:
Love and Harmony reign here.

Sighs to am'rous Sighs returning,
Pulses beating, Bosoms burning;
Bosoms with warm Wishes panting,
Words to speak those Wishes wanting,
Are the only Tumults here,
All the Woes you need to fear:
Love and Harmony reign here.

}

S O N G

128 *The* MUSES *Holiday, &c.*

SONG CXXXII.

CORYDON and PHOEBE.

A DIALOGUE.

CORYDON.

WELL met, dearest *Phoebe* : Ah ! why in such
Haste ?

The Woods and the Meadows all Day have I trac'd,
In Search of my Fair One : Then nothing remains,
But she to reward me for all my past Pains,
But she to reward me for all my past Pains.

PHOEBE.

Why ! how now, bold *Corydon* ! what do you mean ?
Shou'd a Damsel, like me, just turn'd of Nineteen,
Be seen all alone with a Man ? I'm afraid
The World wou'd soon think me no longer a Maid,
The World, &c.

CORYDON.

Let 'em think as they please, 'twill prove all a Lye ;
You are not alone, for chaste *Cynthia* is by :
She'll judge of your Actions, then drive away Fear ;
No Harm is intended to *Phoebe* I swear,
No Harm, &c.

PHOEBE.

No, no, subtle Swain, you may say what you will,
Kneel, lye, swear, and flatter, and try all your Skill,
Before I'll be cozen'd, I'd have you to know,
I'll die first a Virgin ; so pray let me go,
I'll die, &c.

CORYDON.

C O R D O N.

Why, *Phæbe*, such Thoughts I ne'er had in my Head ;
I meant but to know if To-morrow you'd wed ?
But, since you won't hear me, I'll bid you adieu,
And find out some other that's kinder than you,
And find, &c.

P H O E B E.

Return, gentle Shepherd, a few Moments stay,
I'll venture to yield, if you mean as you say ;
Let To-morrow then come, at the Church you shall
find,
That she you think cruel yet still may be kind,
That she, &c.

B O T H.

O *Phæbus* ! vouchsafe to accept of our Boon,
Make haste to expel the pale glimmering Moon ;
And when thy bright Face shall appear in the Sky,
With Rapture we'll hasten the dear nuptial Tye,
With Rapture we'll hasten the dear nuptial Tye.

S O N G CXXXIII.

ALL on the pleasant Banks of *Tweed*
Young *Jockey* won my Heart ;
None tun'd so sweet his oaten Reed ;
None sung with so much Art :
His skilful Tale
Did soon prevail
To make me fondly love him ;
But now he hies,
Nor heeds my Cries :
I wou'd I ne'er had seen him.

When

130 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

When first we met, the bonny Swain
 Of nought but Love cou'd say :
 Oh ! give, he cry'd, my Heart again ;
 You've stole my Heart away ;
 Or else incline
 To give me thine,
 And I'll together join 'em :
 My faithful Heart
 Will never part :
 Ah ! why did I believe him ?

Not now my slighted Face he knows,
 His soon forgotten Dear ;
 To wealthier Lass, o'erjoy'd, he goes,
 To breathe his Falschood there :
 Mistaken Kate,
 The Swain's a Cheat ;
 Not for a Moment trust him :
 For shining Gold
 He's bought and sold :
 I wou'd I had not seen him.

Then, all ye Maidens, fly the Swain,
 His wily Stories shun ;
 Else you, like me, must soon complain ;
 Like me must be undone :
 But Peace, my Breast,
 Nor break thy Rest ;
 I'll try clean to forget him :
 I soon shall see
 As good as he :
 I wish I ne'er had seen him.

S O N G CXXXIV.

ASSIST me, all ye tuneful Nine,
 With Numbers soft and witty :
 To *Bessy* I inscribe the Line ;
 Then raise my humble Dirty :

To

To *Bessy* I inscribe the Line ;
Then raise my humble Ditty.
Catch, catch, ye Groves, the am'rous Song ;
And, as ye waft the Sound along,
Attend, ye list'ning sylvan Throng,
To praise my charming *Bessy*,
My lovely charming *Bessy*.

Let others sing the cruel Fair,
Who glories in undoing,
And proudly bids the Wretch despair,
Rejoicing in his Ruin,
And proudly, &c.

Such haughty Tyrants I detest ;
And let me scorn them, while I rest
Upon thy gently-swelling Breast,
My lovely charming *Bessy*,
My lovely, &c.

The Rose I'll pluck, to deck her Head,
The Vi'let, and the Pansy ;
The Cowslip too shall quit the Mead,
To aid my am'rous Fancy,
The Cowslip, &c.

Ye fragrant Sisters of the Spring,
Who shed your Sweets on Zephyr's Wing,
Around my Fair your Odours fling,
Around my charming *Bessy*,
Around, &c.

When Ev'ning dapples o'er the Skies,
The Sun no longer burning,
Methinks I see before my Eyes
Thy well-known Form returning ;
Methinks I see before my Eyes
Thy well-known Form returning.
On Hill or Dale, by Wood or Stream,
Thou art alone my constant Theme,
My waking Wish, my morning Dream,
Thou lovely charming *Bessy*,
Thou lovely charming *Bessy*.

SONG

SONG CXXXV.

YE chearful Virgins, have ye seen
 My fair *Myrtilla* pass the Green,
 To Rose or Jess'mine Bow'r?
 To Rose or Jess'mine Bow'r?
 Where does she seek the Woodbine Shade?
 For sure ye know the blooming Maid,
 Sweet as the *May* born Flow'r,
 Sweet as the *May* born Flow'r.

Her Cheeks are like the maiden Rose
 Join'd with the Lilly as it grows,
 Where each in Sweetness vie,
 Where each in Sweetness vie;
 Like Dew-Drops glitt'ring in the Morn,
 When *Phœbus* gilds the flow'ring Thorn,
 Health sparkles in her Eye,
 Health sparkles in her Eye.

Her Song is like the Linnet's Lay,
 That warbles chearful on the Spray
 To hail the vernal Beam,
 To hail the vernal Beam:
 Her Heart is blither than her Song;
 Her Passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth-gliding Stream,
 Like the smooth-gliding Stream.

SONG CXXXVI.

YE Nymphs, who to the Throne of Love
 With Hearts submissive bow;
 Who hope the mutual Bliss to prove,
 That crowns the nuptial Vow,
 That crowns the nuptial Vow:

Thro'

The MUSES Holiday, &c. 133

Thro' Caution's Glass, by Reason lent,
Oh! view your Lovers clearly,
Nor think to wed, 'till that present
The Man that loves you dearly;
Nor think to wed, 'till that present
The Man that loves you dearly,
The Man that loves you dearly.

Still blind to Wisdom's Ray, the Rake
No social Bliss allows;
And he who long has rov'd, must make
A good-for-nothing Spouse,
A good-for-nothing Spouse:
Nor trust the Fop, tho' piteous Sighs
Proclaim you've touch'd him clearly;
His own sweet Charms too much he'll prize,
Nor can he love you dearly;
His own, &c.

But when, with ev'ry manly Grace,
A Youth, of Soul refin'd,
Who, doating on your Form and Face,
Thinks brighter still your Mind,
Thinks brighter still your Mind:
When such shall for the Favour sue,
Oh! yield your Hand sincerely,
And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
To Life's last Moment, dearly;
And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
To Life's last Moment, dearly,
To Life's last Moment, dearly.

S O N G CXXXVII.

EV'RY Nymph and Shepherd, bring
Tributes to the Queen of *May*;
Rifle for her Brows the Spring;
Make her as the Season gay,
Make her as the Season gay;

M

Teach

134 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Teach her then, from ev'ry Flow'r,
How to use the fleeting Hour;
Teach her then, from ev'ry Flow'r,
How to use the fleeting Hour,
How to use the fleeting Hour.

Now the fair *Narcissus* blows,
With his Sweetness now delights:
By his Side, the maiden Rose
With her artless Blush invites,
With her, &c.

Such, so fragrant and so gay,
Is the blooming Queen of *May*;
Such, so fragrant, &c.

Soon the fair *Narcissus* dies,
Soon he droops his languid Head;
From the Rose her Purple flies,
None inviting to her Bed,
None, &c.

Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,
Soon shall be the Queen of *May*;
Such, tho' now, &c.

Tho' thou art a rural Queen,
By the Suffrage of the Swains;
Beauty, like the vernal Green,
In thy Shrine not long remains,
In thy Shrine not long remains:
Bless, then, quickly bless the Youth,
Who deserves thy Love and Truth;
Bless, then, quickly bless the Youth,
Who deserves thy Love and Truth,
Who deserves thy Love and Truth.

S O N G CXXXVIII.

BY the dew-besprinkled Rose;
By the Blackbird, piping clear;
By the western Gale, that blows
Fragrance on the vernal Year;

Hear,

Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
Nor let him longer sigh in vain;
Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
Nor let him longer sigh in vain.

By the Cowslip, clad in Gold;
By the silver Lilly's Light;
By those Meads, where you behold
Nature rob'd in green and white;
Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
And to his Sighs, oh! sigh again;
Hear, &c.

By the Riv'let's rambling Race;
By the Music that it makes;
By bright Sol's inverted Face,
Who for the Stream his Sky forsakes:
Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
And into Joy convert his Pain;
Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
And into Joy convert his Pain.

SONG CXXXIX.

PHILANDER and SYLVIA
A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

PHILANDER.

WHILE Blossoms deck each verdant Spray,
And *Flora* breathes the Sweets of *May*,
I'll leave my Flock to frolick free,
And tune my Pipe alone for thee,
And tune my Pipe alone for thee.

SYLVIA.

What if thy Flock shou'd leave the Plain,
While *Tray* is sleeping by my Swain?

M 2

Would'ft

136 *The MUSES Holiday, &c.*

Would'st thou not think the Minutes dear,
And rail at me that kept thee here?
And rail, &c.

PHILANDER.

First shall the Lark forget his Note,
The Linnet stop his liquid Throat.

SYLVIA.

So oft you game, some Shepherds say,
And only jest, when ye betray,
And only, &c.

Deck but your Song with Truth alone,
My Virgin Heart shall be your own.

PHILANDER.

The Turtle shall forsake his Love,
E'er I to thee inconstant prove,
E'er I, &c.

BOTH.

When Beauty opens all her Charms,
And Honour flies to Beauty's Arms,
Sweet Peace and Love take up their Crown,
And Virtue then ascends her Throne,
And Virtue then ascends her Throne.

SONG CXL.

CEAUSE *Cupid*, cease thy fond Alarms,
For I am safe from future Harms;
My Heart, once free, shall ne'er again
Or feel Love's Pleasure,
Or feel Love's Pleasure, or its Pain:

No,

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No, from this Day, this very Hour,
I turn a Rebel to thy Pow'r;
Since Truth and Honour cannot move,
What, what have I to do with Love?
What, what have I to do with Love?

A Nymph more fair I ne'er shall find
Than lovely, faithless *Rosalind*:
Beware, ye Swains, nor trust your Eyes,
The Wretch who gazes surely dies:
No Swain could vie in Bliss with me;
No Nymph e'er seem'd more fond than she,
Who vow'd by each dread Pow'r above:
Then what had I to do but love?
Then what, &c.

But when she found I hug'd my Chain,
Nor wish'd for Liberty again,
She bid me all my Hopes give o'er,
And think of her and Love no more:
Say then, if she no longer deign
To hear my Vows, or sooth my Pain;
If she no more my Verse approve,
What, what have I to do with Love?
What, what, &c.

Henceforth adieu, ye treach'rous Fair;
To Scenes far distant I'll repair;
In desert Plains, and Forests rude,
I'll court my Mistress, Solitude:
No more shall faithless Woman's Art
Insnare my fond believing Heart;
Like Nature's Son, at large I'll rove,
And have no more to do with Love,
And have no more to do with Love.

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SONG CXLI.

WHERE the Jess'mine sweetens the Bow'r,
 And Cowslips adorn the gay Green,
 The Roses, refresh'd by the Show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the Scene ;
 The Roses, refresh'd by the Show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the Scene ;
 In a Cottage, retir'd, there live
 Young Colin and Phæbe the fair ;
 The Blessings each other receive
 In mutual Enjoyments they share,
 The Blessings each other receive
 In mutual Enjoyments they share ;
*And the Lads and the Lasses, that dwell on the Plain,
 Sing in Praise of fair Phæbe, and Colin her Swain.*

The Sweets of Contentment supply
 The Splendour and Grandeur of Pride ;
 No Wants can the Shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful Bride ;
 No Wants, &c.
 He wishes no greater Delight
 Than to tend on the Lambkins by Day,
 And return to his Phæbe at Night,
 His innocent Toil to repay ;
 And return, &c.

*And the Lads tell the Lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin, who lives in the Dale.*

If delighted her Lover appears,
 The Fair One partakes of his Bliss ;
 If dejected, she soothes all his Cares,
 And heals all his Pains with a Kiss ;
 If dejected, &c.

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She despises the artful Deceit,
That is practis'd in City and Court;
Thinks Happiness no-where compleat,
But where Shepherds and Nymphs do resort;
Thinks Happiness, &c.
And the Lads tell the Lasses they die in Despair,
Unless they are as kind as Phœbe the fair.

Ye Youths, who're accusom'd to rove,
And each innocent Fair One betray,
No longer be faithless in Love;
The Dictates of Honour obey:
No longer be faithless in Love;
The Dictates of Honour obey:
Ye Nymphs, who with Beauty are blest,
With Virtue improve ev'ry Grace;
The Charms of the Mind, when posselt,
Will dignify those of the Face;
The Charms of the Mind, when posselt,
Will dignify those of the Face:
And ye Lads and ye Lasses, whom Hymen has join'd;
Like Colin, be constant; like Phœbe, be kind.

S O N G CXLII.

COME hither, come hither, ye languishing Swains,
Here's a Balm that will cure, and relieve all your
Pains,
Here's a Balm that will cure, and relieve all your Pains;
To the Fountain of Pleasure, in Raptures, resort;
'Tis the Summons of Humour to *Comus's* Court,
'Tis the Summons of Humour to *Comus's* Court:
'Tis *Comus* invites; then the Summons obey;
Awhile leave your Cares, and to Pleasure away:
'Tis *Comus* invites; then the Summons obey;
Awhile leave your Cares, and to Pleasure away.

Here *Phœbus* shall sing, and old *Momus* shall laugh,
And his Bottle of Nectar brave *Bacchus* shall quaff,
And his Bottle, &c.

When

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When Time, honest Time, for awhile shall be still,
And sit down like a Soul 'till he tipples his Fill,
And sit down, &c.

Nor Care nor Mistrust shall intrude on our Joys ;
For 'tis *Comus* invites ; then away my brave Boys ;
For 'tis *Comus*, &c.

Should Losses or Crosses perplex ye, be sure
Ply the Glass briskly round, for Misfortunes a Cure,
Ply the Glass, &c.

Æsculapius of old had Recourse to the Bowl,
And the Doctor, you know, was a special good Soul,
And the Doctor, &c.

While Health, rosy Health, fills the Bumpers around,
For without 'em he swears there's no Bliss to be found,
For without 'em, &c.

Then away, ye brave Fellows, to *Comus's* Shrine,
Where Friendship and Humour incessantly join,
Where Friendship and Humour incessantly join ;
Where Freedom and Mirth with the Bottle unite,
To beguile all your Care, and with Rapture delight,
To beguile all your Care, and with Rapture delight :
Then hark to the Call, and no longer delay ;
For 'tis *Comus* invites ; to his Temple away :
Then hark to the Call, and no longer delay ;
For 'tis *Comus* invites ; to his Temple away.

S O N G CXLIII.

AS blithe as the Linnet sings in the green Wood,
So blithe we'll wake, we'll wake the Morn,
So blithe we'll wake, we'll wake the Morn ;
And, thro' the wide Forest of merry *Sherwood*,
We'll wind the bugle, bugle Horn,
We'll wind the bugle Horn.

The Sheriff attempts to take bold *Robin Hood* ;
Bold *Robin* disdains to fly,
Bold *Robin* disdains to fly ;

Let

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Let him come when he will, we'll in merry *Sherwood*,
Or vanquish, Boys, or die,
Or vanquish, Boys, or die.

Our Hearts they are stout, and our Bows they are good,
And well their Master know,
And well their Master know ;
They're cut in the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,
And ne'er will spare a Foe,
And ne'er will spare a Foe.

Our Arrows shall drink of the fallow Deer's Blood ;
We'll hunt them o'er the Plain,
We'll hunt them o'er the Plain ;
And, thro' the wide Forest of merry *Sherwood*,
No Shaft shall fly in vain,
No Shaft shall fly in vain.

Brave *Scarlet* and *John*, who were never subdu'd,
Gave each his Hand so bold,
Gave each his Hand so bold ;
We'll reign thro' the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,
What say my Hearts of Gold ?
What say my Hearts of Gold ?

S O N G CXLIV.

WHAT Numbers shall the Muse repeat ?
What Verse be found to praise my *Annie* ?
On her ten thousand Graces wait ;
Each Swain admires, and owns she's bonny :
Since first she trod the happy Plain,
She set each youthful Heart on Fire ;
Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
That *Annie* kindles new Desire.

This lovely Darling, dearest Care,
This new Delight, this charming *Annie*,
Like Summer's Dawn, she's fresh and fair,
Where *Flora*'s fragrant Breezes fan ye :

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All Day the am'rous Youths convene,
Joyous they sport and play before her;
All Night, when she no more is seen,
In blissful Dreams they still adore her.

Among the Crowd *Aminor* came;
He look'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
His rising Sighs express'd his Flame;
His Words were few, his Wishes many:
With Smiles, the lovely Maid reply'd,
Kind Shepherd, why should I deceive you?
Alas! your Love must be deny'd;
This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve you.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid's* Art;
His Wiles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling;
He stole away my Virgin's Heart;
Cease, poor *Aminor*, cease bewailing:
Some brighter Beauty you may find,
On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many;
Then chuse some Heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

S O N G CXLV.

HOW happy is the Maid
Who lives a rural Life!
By no false Views betray'd,
To know domestic Strife:
No Passion sways her Mind,
Or Wishes to be great;
To humble Hope confin'd,
She shuns the flatt'ring Bait,

Her Soul with cold Disdain,
Above the Pomp of Pride,
Beholds the Rich and Vain
In gilded Fetters ty'd;

While

While Titles, Wealth, and Pow'r
The gaudy Scenes display,
And Pageants of an Hour
In Darkness glide away.

But if some gentle Boy
Her faithful Bosom share,
He doubles all her Joy,
And lessens all her Care:
Their Moments on the Wing
The mutual Bliss improve,
And give perpetual Spring
To Virtue, Truth, and Love.

S O N G. CXLVI.

SOFT Invader of my Soul,
Love, who can thy Pow'r controul?
All that haunt Earth, Air, and Sea,
Own thy Force, and bow to thee:
All the dear enchanting Day,
Celia steals my Heart away;
All the tedious live-long Night,
Celia swims before my Sight:
Happy, happy were the Swain,
Who might such a Prize obtain!
Other Joys he need not prove,
Bless'd enough in *Celia's* Love.

All that temptingly beguile,
Sparkling Eyes, and dimpling Smile;
Ev'ry Charm, and ev'ry Grace,
Dwells on charming *Celia's* Face:
Open, gen'rous, free from Art;
Virtue lives within her Heart:
Modesty and Truth combin'd,
Suit her Person to her Mind:

Happy.

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Happy, happy were the Swain,
Who might such a Prize obtain!
Other Joys he need not prove,
Blest enough in *Celia's* Love.

S O N G CXLVII.

LET me wander not unseen
By hedge-row Elm, or Willow green;
There the Plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land;
There the Plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land:
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his Scythe;
While ev'ry Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Vale;
While ev'ry Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Vale.

S O N G CXLVIII.

WHILE *Phyllis* is drinking, Love and Wine in
Alliance,
With Forces united, bid resistless Defiance;
Each Touch of her Lips makes the Wine sparkle higher,
And her Eyes, by her drinking, redouble their Fire,
And her Eyes, by her drinking, redouble their Fire.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers with sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;
His Dart dipp'd in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oyl, makes the Flame more en-
during,
And the Liquor, like Oyl, &c.

By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring;
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and Desiring,

Relieving

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Relieving each other : The Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting,
And we never, &c.

Then, *Phillis*, begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round :
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

S O N G CXLIX.

As *Celadon* once from his Cottage did stray,
To court his dear *Jug* on a Hillock of Hay,
What aukward Confusion oppress the poor Swain,
When thus he deliver'd his Passion in vain.

O Joy of my Heart ! and Delight of my Eyes !
Sweet *Jug* : 'tis for thee faithful *Celadon* dies ;
My Pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,
And, sleeping or waking, thy Name I repeat.

When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me lug,
Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jug ;
And sure you can't chide at repeating your Name ?
When the Nightingale ev'ry Night does the same.

Sweet *Jug*, he a hundred Times o'er does repeat,
Which makes People say that his Voice is so sweet :
Ah ! why dost thou laugh at my sorrowful Tale ?
Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't prevail.

For *Roger*, the Thatcher, possesses thy Breast,
As he at our last Harvest-Supper confess :
I own it, says *Jug* ; he has gotten my Heart ;
His long curling Hair looks so pretty and smart.

His Eyes are so black, and his Checks are so red,
They prevail more with me than all you have said :

N

Tho'

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Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do all you can,
'Twill signify nothing—for *Roger's* the Man.

S O N G C L.

IN a pleasant rich Vale, by a sweet crystal Stream,
Reflecting new Glories to *Phœbus's* Beam,
There liv'd a young Shepherd, secluded from Care,
And a Stranger to Vices, which Great Ones ensnare;
He minded his Bus'ness, he tended his Sheep,
And still in some useful Employment would keep.

His Pleasure was always unmingled with Pain,
Nor felt he the Wounds of which Lovers complain;
Ambition had never yet enter'd his Breast;
He dwelt in a Cottage, contented and blest:
About Folks in high Stations ne'er troubled his Head;
But his Care was to live without begging his Bread.

A Damsel, the Pride of the neighbouring Plain,
Fair *Daphne*, who oft had been courted in vain,
Watch'd ev'ry Occasion to lie in his Way,
And made it her Bus'ness his Heart to betray;
Whene'er she pass'd by him, she deign'd him a Glance,
And frequently paid him a Visit—by Chance.

At length she, with seeming Reluctance, would sit
On his Knee, and some innocent Freedoms admit,
'Till by little and little she gain'd his Esteem,
And in his young Bosom had kindled a Flame:
Thus his innocent Heart she too easily won,
Who thought that no Falshood was under the Sun.

But as soon as she found she had gotten his Heart,
She laugh'd at his Pain, and derided his Smart;
His honest warm Passion now flights with Disdain,
And boasts of her Conquest all over the Plain:
He sighs at her Feet; but she treats him with Scorn,
And leaves him unpity'd, and hopeless, to mourn.

Take

Take heed, ye young Sparks, then, of *Britain's* fair Isle,
How your Hearts ye let go, for a Look or a Smile :
Beware whom ye trust over these to prevail ;
For you'll find a false *Daphne* in every Vale,
Who forward to favour your Courtship may seem :
But remember the Swain by the Side of the Stream.

SONG CLI.

COLLIN and PHILLIS.

A DIALOGUE

He. **D**EAR *Phillis*, sweet Girl, be now kind to
my Pain,
Nor suffer me longer to court you in vain ;
And I'll love you sincerely for ever,
And I'll love you sincerely for ever.
And I'll love, &c.

She. Ah ! *Collin*, my Heart was about to comply,
But what my Hope wishes, my Fears will deny :
I can never be your's !

He. What never !

She. No never ! I can never be your's !

He. What never !

She. No never ! I ne'er can be your's !

He. Fye, *Phillis*, how can you still trifle with Love ?
Away with your Fears, and my Passion approve ;
When I tell you, I love you for ever,
When I tell you, I love you for ever.
When I tell you, &c.

She. Fye, *Collin*, how can you still tease me in vain,
When I told you before, and I tell you again,
I can never be your's ?

He. What never !

She. No never ! I can never be your's !

He. What never !

She. No never ! I ne'er can be your's !

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He. Then adieu to all Joy, my Heart will sure break;
If my *Phyllis* denies, what I fondly did seek.
I can never be happy, no never,
I can never be happy, no never.
I can never, &c.

Sbe. Then away with my Doubts, I can fondly believe
That *Collin* his *Phyllis* will never deceive.
That *Collin* will love me.

He. For ever.

Sbe. You never, sure never, will leave me ?

He. No never !

Sbe. You never, sure never, will leave me ?

He. No never, no never, will leave you.

S O N G C L I I.

YE Fair from Man's insidious Love,
Your tender Hearts defend ;
Lest the mistaken Bliss should prove
But Sorrow in the End.

Thro' Reason scan

Each artful Man,

Nor trust your Ear or Eye ;

Young Maids beware,

Men Fish ensnare,

With artificial Fly.

With Looks as fair as Summer Flow'rs,

Soft Words, like Honey sweet ;

And Tears that fall in gentle Show'rs,

Your Pity they'll intreat.

Mere common Arts,

To catch your Hearts,

Each Foible to descry ;

Young Maids beware,

Men Fish ensnare,

With artificial Fly.

The

The honest Clown, that ploughs the Land,
In Love is all a Cheat;
And Monarchs born to high Command,
Well know the dear Deceit:
In Love fly Tricks,
And Politicks,
A Promise is a Lye:
Young Maids beware, &c.

Were Clods of Earth all animate,
Each Blade of Grass a Tongue,
'Twould waste their Moisture to relate
The Mischiefs Men have done.
Then guard your Hearts,
From *Cupid's* Darts,
And all the Sex defy:
Young Maids beware,
Men Fish ensnare,
With artificial Fly.

S O N G C L I M E

The D U S T - C A R T.

A F A V O U R I T E C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

AS tink'ring *Tom* the Streets his Trade did cry,
He saw his lovely *Sylvia* passing by;
In Dust-Cart high advanc'd, the Nymph was plac'd,
With the rich Cinders round her lovely Waist.
Tom, with up-lifted Hands, th' Occasion blest;
And thus, in soothing Strains, the Maid address:

A I R.

O *Sylvia*, while you drive your Cart,
To pick up Dust, you steal our Hearts:

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You take our Dust, and steal our Hearts.
That mine is gone, alas ! is true,
And dwells among the Dust with you,
And dwells among the Dust with you.
Ah ! lovely *Sylvia*, ease my Pain ;
Give me my Heart you stole again :
Give me my Heart out of your Cart,
Give me my Heart you stole again.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sylvia advanc'd above the Rabble Rout,
Exulting roll'd her sparkling Eyes about ;
She heav'd her swelling Breast, as black as Sloe,
And look'd Disdain on little Folks below :
To *Tom* she nodded, as the Cart drew on,
And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop *John*.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry Crowd oppress'd ?
Ambition now my Soul does fire,
The Youths shall languish and admire :
And ev'ry Girl with anxious Heart,
Shall long to ride in my Dust-Cart.

S O N G CLIV.

WHEN *Phœbus* the Tops of the Hills does adorn,
How sweet is the Sound of the echoing Horn ?
When the antling Stag is rous'd with the Sound,
Erecting his Ears nimbly sweeps o'er the Ground ;
And thinks he has left us behind on the Plain,
But still we pursue, and now come in view of the
glorious Game :
O see, how again, he rears up his Head,
And winged with Fear, he redoubles his Speed :

But

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But oh ! 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his Eyes lose the Huntsman, his Ears lose the
Cries :
For now his Strength fails him he heavily flies,
And he pants 'till with well-scented Hounds surrounded
he dies.

S O N G C L V.

WHAT Beauties does my Nymph disclose ?
Lest fair the silver Lilly blows ;
Such Blushes glow not on the Rose,
As on the Cheeks of *Phillis*.
The other Day, upon the Green,
I saw a Nymph of heav'nly Mien ;
I ran to greet the *Cyprian* Queen,
But found it was my *Phillis*.

By mossy Grot with Ivy bound,
Where fragrant Woodbines curl around,
And Daisies dapple o'er the Ground,
I sit and murmur *Phillis*.
And when the Lark with dewy Wings,
To hail the Morn exulting springs,
I rise, and tune the trembling Strings,
To praise my dearest *Phillis*.

When first I saw the lovely Maid,
I gaz'd, enraptur'd and dismay'd ;
My fault'ring Tongue was quite afraid
To tell my Pangs to *Phillis*.
Then *Cupid* aim'd his sharpest Dart,
At once I felt the pleasing Smart,
That very Hour I lost my Heart ;
And now it dwells with *Phillis*.

S O N G

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S O N G CLVI.

TO dear *Amaryllis* young *Strephon* had long
 Declar'd his fix'd Passion, and dy'd for in Song;
 He went one *May* Morning to meet in the Grove,
 By her own dear Appointment this Goddess of Love;
 Mean while in his Mind all her Charms he ran o'er,
 And doated on each—Can a Lover do more?

He waited, and waited, then changing his Strain,
 'Twas Fury, and Rage, and Despair, and Disdain:
 The Sun was commanded to hide his dull Light,
 And the whole Course of Nature was alter'd downright.
 'Twas his hapless Fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change—Can a Lover do more?

Cleora, it hap'd, was by Accident there;
 No Rose-bud so tempting, no Lilly so fair;
 He press'd her white Hand, next her Lips he essay'd,
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the Maid!
 Her kindly Compliance his Peace did restore,
 And dear *Amaryllis* was thought of no more.

S O N G CLVII.

A Dawn of Hope my Soul revives,
 And banishes Despair;
 If yet my dearest *Damon* lives,
 Make him, ye Gods, your Care.

Dispel these gloomy Shades of Night,
 My tender Grief remove;
 O send some chearing Ray of Light,
 And guide me to my Love.

'Thus in a secret friendly Shade,
 The pensive *Celia* mourn'd;
 While courteous Echo lent her Aid,
 And Sigh for Sigh return'd.

When,

When, sudden, *Damon's* well-known Face,
Each rising Fear disarms :
He eager springs to her Embrace,
She sinks into his Arms.

S O N G CLVIII.

THE Beau, with his delicate womanish Face,
Whose Merit all lies in a Feather and Lace ;
The Proud, the Immortal, the Coward, the Vain,
May sue for my Love, but will meet my Disdain.

The Dunce I detest, and whose Wit is severe,
I sicken whenever a Sycophant's near.
The Brute that's ill-manner'd, disorders one much,
And I'd die an old Maid e'er I'd couple with such.

But he in whom Sense and Politeness are join'd,
Whose Study has been to embellish his Mind ;
Whose Pleasures ne'er injure his Health nor his Purse,
Is fit to be taken for better for worse.

Whose Wit has no Gall, and whose Tongue no Deceit,
Whose Nature is noble, his Conduct discreet ;
Ne'er knew any Fear, but to hurt or offend ;
If he questions my Heart, he will find it his Friend.

S O N G CLIX.

WHILE others strip the new fall'n Snows,
And steal its Fragrance from the Rose,
To dress their Fancy's Queen ;
Fain would I sing, but Words are faint,
All Musick's Pow'r's too weak to paint
My *Jenny* of the Green.

Beneath this Elm, beside this Stream,
How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite Theme,
And told my Tale unseen ;

While

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While faithful in the Lover's Cause,
The Winds would murmur soft Applause
To *Jenny* of the Green.

With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,
When deck'd in all the Pride of *May*,
She hail'd the sylvan Scene ;
Then ev'ry Nymph that hop'd to please,
First strove to catch the Grace and Ease
Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Then deaf to ev'ry Rival's Sigh,
On me she cast her partial Eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble Mien ;
The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair
Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Through all the fairy Land of Love
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove,
The Pride of gay Fifteen ;
Though now she treads some distant Plain,
Though far apart, I'll meet again
My *Jenny* of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that blest Night,
That brings her back with speedy Flight,
Melt down the Hours between ;
And when we meet, the Loss repay,
On loit'ring Wing prolong my Stay
With *Jenny* of the Green.

SONG CLX.

A FAVOURITE CANTATA.

WHO'LL buy a Heart ? *Myrtilla* cries,
And throws around her wanton Eyes ;
An easy Shape, a graceful Air,
A Face, like lovely *Hebe's*, fair : A Pair

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A Pair of Eyes that wound at Sight,
And foil the Diamonds piercing Light;
Come hither, ye that long to prove,
The Soul enchanting Joys of Love;
Come, quickly come, for he buys, that bids the most
for me :

But let no sordid Wretch presume,
With even *Cræsus*' Wealth to come ;
Nor vainly hope for Gems, or Gold,
Such Charms as these can ne'er be sold ;
So vile a Change I scorn to make,
For Love's the only Coin I take.

SONG CLXI.

The ANSWER.

RECITATIVE.

AS in a pensive Form *Myrtilla* sat
Revolving on the Will of Fate ;
A sprightly Swain, devoid of Care,
Advanc'd, and thus address'd the Fair.

A I R.

Thou vernal Form of Beauty's Plea,
I'm come to buy a Heart of thee,
I'm come to buy a Heart of thee ;
With Transports I receiv'd the Tale,
That such a Gem was up for Sale,
That such a Gem was up for Sale :
Cou'd I command the starry Train,
For thee I'd give it back again ;
Or if kind Fate wou'd make thee mine,
The Universe shou'd all be thine ;
Or if kind Fate wou'd make thee mine,
The Universe shou'd all be thine.

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Go hence, the Maid with Softness cries,
Merit the best deserves the Prize ;
The Tale you heard was falsely told,
Myrtilla's Heart shall ne'er be sold,
Myrtilla's Heart shall ne'er be sold.

S O N G CLXII.

AS t'other Day o'er the green Meadow I past,
A Swain over-took me, and held my Hand fast;
Then cry'd, my dear *Lucy*, thou Cause of my Care,
How long must thy faithful young *Thyrsis* despair ?
To crown my soft Wishes, no longer be shy,
But frowning, I answer'd, O fye, Shepherd, fye.

He told me his Passion, like Time, should endure,
That Beauty, which kindled his Flame, would secure ;
That all my sweet Charms were for Pleasure design'd,
And Youth was the Season to love and be kind :
Lord what cou'd I say ! I cou'd hardly deny,
But faintly I utter'd, O fye, Shepherd, fye.

He swore with a Kiss, that he wou'd not refrain,
I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd me again ;
My Conduct, ye Fair Ones, in Question ne'er call,
Nor think I did wrong—I did nothing at all :
Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply,
Now guess, if I still said, O fye, Shepherd, fye.

S O N G CLXIII.

NO Nymph that trips the verdant Plains,
With *Sally* can compare ;
She wins the Hearts of all the Swains,
And rivals all the Fair :
The Beams of *Sol* delight and clear,
While Summer's Seasons roll ;
But *Sally's* Smiles can all the Year
Give Pleasure to the Soul.

When

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When from the East the Morning Ray,
Illumes the World below ;
Her Presence bids the God of Day,
With Emulation glow :
Fresh Beauties deck the painted Ground,
Birds sweeter Notes prepare ;
The playful Lambkins skip around,
And hail the Sister fair.

The Lark but strains his livid Throat,
To bid the Maid rejoice ;
And mimicks, while he swells his Note,
The Sweetness of her Voice :
The fanning Zephyrs round her play,
While *Flora* she'll perfume,
And ev'ry Flow'ret seems to say,
I but for *Sally* bloom.

The am'rous Youths her Charms proclaim,
From Morn to Eve their Tale ;
Her Beauty and unspotted Fame
Make vocal every Vale :
The Stream meand'ring thro' the Mead,
Her echo'd Name conveys ;
And every Voice, and every Reed,
Is tun'd to *Sally's* Praise.

No more shall blithsome Lads and Swain
To mirthful Wake resort ;
Nor every *May* Morn on the Plain,
Advance in rural Sport :
No more shall gush the purling Rill,
Nor Musick wake the Grove,
Nor Flocks look Snow-like on the Hill,
When I forget to love.

O

SONG

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S O N G CLXIV.

THE smiling Dawn of happy Days
Presents a Prospect clear,
While pleasing Hope's all bright'ning Rays
Dispel each gloomy Fear;
And ev'ry Charm that Peace displays,
Makes Spring-Time all the Year.

S O N G CLXV.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

H E.

COME, come, my dear Nymph, now all Nature
looks gay,
Now Birds sweetly whistle, and Lambs sweetly play;
To yonder cool Shade let us quickly retire,
And taste all the Pleasures that Love can inspire,
And taste all the Pleasures that Love can inspire.

S H E.

Good Sir, not so hasty, we innocent Maids
Too oft are deceiv'd by you arch *London* Blades;
How many poor Damsels deluded by you,
Are forc'd ever after their Folly to rue,
Are forc'd ever after their Folly to rue.

H E.

O think not, my Fairest, so meanly of me,
No Harm on my Honour shall happen to thee;
Here's Gold that buys all Things, and Silver good
Store,
And when that is gone I'll supply thee with more,
And when that is gone I'll supply thee with more.

S H E.

S H E.

I'll trust not your Honour, your Gold I despise,
My Virtue, above all Temptations, I prize;
Tho' poor, I am honest, I'm not to be sold,
So pray take away yourself, and your Gold,
So pray take away yourself, and your Gold.

H E.

I'll take thee to *London*, and deck thee so fine,
That thou shalt the greatest of Ladies out-shine;
And ride in thy Coach to the Park and the Play,
All glitt'ring with Diamonds, out-sparkling the Day,
All glitt'ring with Diamonds, out-sparkling the Day.

S H E.

No, Sir, I abhor such a scandalous Life,
I'll be no Mortal's Miss, but some honest Man's Wife;
So pray, Sir, return to the Place whence you came,
For I'll ne'er buy my Pride at the Price of my Fame,
For I'll ne'er buy my Pride at the Price of my Fame.

S O N G CLXVI.

AS *Chloe* sat shelter'd and breath'd the cool Air,
While Musick awaken'd the Grove;
Young *Damon* approach'd and address'd the coy Fair,
In all the soft Language of Love.

But she was so cruel his Suit she deny'd,
And laugh'd as he told her his Pain;
And while the poor Shepherd sat wooing, she cry'd,
I will die a Maid, my dear Swain.

O what, says the Swain, must thy Beauty so gay
Perplex us at once and invite;
Embrace ev'ry Rapture, lest Time make a Prey
Of that which was meant for Delight.

O 2

When

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When Age has crept round, and thy Charms wrinkled
o'er,

Then all will my *Chloe* disdain;
But still all her Answer was, tease me no more,
I will die a Maid, my dear Swain.

Young *Damon* protested, no other he'd prize,
His Flame was so strong and sincere;
Then watch'd the Emotions that play'd in her Eyes,
And banish'd his Torture and Fear.

My Joys shall be secret, enraptur'd, he cry'd,
Ah *Chloe* be gentle and good:
The Fair One grew softer, and sighing reply'd,
I'd fain die a Maid—if I cou'd.

S O N G CLXVII.

OF Freedom too fond, or too wanton with Pride,
The Threats of young *Cupid* bright *Chloe* defy'd;
And while Swains were sighing, or tun'd the soft Lay,
Seem'd cold as *December*, tho' blooming as *May*.

Despairing his Suit, gentle *Willy* forsook,
And silent return'd to his Flock and his Crook;
And *Damon* her Beauty once fond to rehearse,
No longer to *Chloe* address'd the soft Verse.

Awak'd from her Dream, the disconsolate Maid,
Saw her Lillies were fading, her Roses decay'd;
And only beheld of the languishing Train,
The least in her Wishes young *Collin* remain.

The Maid as less fair more compassionate grew,
Nor fled when she saw the young Shepherd pursue;
And resolv'd when he talk'd of his Torture and Grief,
In pure Love to herself, to afford him Relief.

Now

Now proud of his Conquest, Oh ! come to my Arms,
Transported he cry'd, with that Treasure of Charms ;
So long by my Fair One reserv'd for her Swain,
While others, unheeded, requested in vain.

Ah ! think not my Shepherd, the Fair One reply'd,
I slighted their Love while their Suit I deny'd,
To their easy Faith all your Blessings you owe,
Who believ'd me too soon, when I answer'd them, No.

S O N G CLXVIII.

TO wooe me and win me, and kifs and all that,
Young *Collin* trip'd over the Plain ;
He saw me, he blush'd, and he play'd with his Hat,
So I bid him return back again :
Ah ! *Phyllis*, he cry'd, from the Cottage I've stray'd,
In hopes you'd be kind to your Swain ;
O grant me a Kiss :
You may take it I said,
But pray never attempt it again,
But pray never attempt it again.

Embolden'd by this, he sat down at my Side,
The Favour so small to obtain ;
I know not how 'twas, but he soften'd my Pride,
So I cry'd, you may kifs me again :
My Bosom grew warm, and my Heart beat in haste,
While Rapture impower'd the fond Swain ;
And trust me, ye Fair,
For I held him so fast,
That he cou'd not return back again,
That he cou'd not return back again.

S O N G CLXIX.

WITH early Horn salute the Morn,
That gilds this charming Place ;
With chearful Cries,
Bids Echo rise
And join the jovial Cha - - - - ce,
And join the jovial Chace.

The vocal Hills around,
 Whe waving Woods,
 The crystal Floods,
 All return their livening Sounds.

S O N G CLXX.

IF Love be a Fault, and in me thought a Crime,
 How great's my Offence, bear you Witness, O
 Time;
 The Days, and the Nights, and the Hours as they
 roll'd,
 You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be told:
 One Day past away, and saw nothing but Love,
 Another came on, and the same Thing did prove;
 The Sun is grown tir'd, still to look on the same,
 But I grew more pleas'd as the next Moment came.

I saw you all Day, and all Day with new Gust,
 And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the first;
 Thus fleeting Time passes with Down on its Wings,
 And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd, ye Kings:
 If this be a Crime be my Judges, ye Fair,
 And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
 True Lovers hereafter this Wonder shall tell,
 The Cause of my Death was for loving too well.

S O N G CLXXI.

A D I A L O G U E

D A P H N E.

HAS the Arrow of *Cupid* ne'er lodg'd in your
 Breast?
 Have you wept for whole Months, nor been able to
 rest?
 'Till the Fair One took Pity, and bid you be bless'd?
 Speak boldly the Truth, my good Shepherd.

COLLIN

COLLIN.

No, that I can't brag of; but all the Day long
Some Mistress or other has Place in my Song;
My Passion's not lasting, but 'tis very strong,
I speak the plain Truth, my good Lady.

DAPHNE.

I doubt you're a Rover; if so, a young Maid
May fear to be with you, within this thick Shade.

COLLIN.

Such Beauties as your's need be never afraid;
I speak the plain Truth, my good Lady.

DAPHNE.

Suppose a young Shepherdess, just of my Size,
An Air too like mine, and a Pair of such Eyes,
Should like you? Say, would you your Conquest de-
spise?
Speak boldly the Truth, my good Shepherd.

COLLIN.

Plain Dealing's a Jewel, you very well know;
And therefore permit me to own e'er I go,
Such a Mistress as you, is at best, but so so;
I speak the plain Truth, my good Lady.

Farewel, gentle Maiden.

DAPHNE.

Farewel, thou dull Swain,
Go seek thy Companions that browze on the Plain.

BOTH.

And I care not if e'er I behold thee again;
I speak the plain Truth, my good Lady.
I speak the plain Truth, my good Shepherd.

SONG

S O N G CLXXII.

WHEN here, *Lucinda*, first we came,
 Where *Arno* rolls his silver Stream;
 How brisk the Nymphs, the Swains how gay!
 Content inspir'd each rural Lay:
 The Birds in livelier Concert sung,
 The Grapes in thicker Clusters hung;
 All look'd as Joy could never fail,
 Among the Sweets of *Arno's* Vale.

But since the good *Palemon* dy'd,
 The chief of Shepherds, and their Pride;
 Now *Arno's* Sons must all give Place
 To Northern Men, an iron Race:
 The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er,
 Thy Notes, *Lucinda*, please no more;
 The *Muses* droop, the *Goths* prevail,
 Adieu the Sweets of *Arno's* Vale.

S O N G CLXXIII.

FAIR *Hebe* I left, with a cautious Design,
 To 'scape from her Charms, and to drown 'em in
 Wine;
 I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
 The Wine in my Head, and still Love in my Heart.

I repair'd to my Reason, intreated her Aid,
 Who paus'd on my Case, and each Circumstance weigh'd;
 Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my Prayer,
 That *Hebe* was fairest, of all that was fair.

That's a Truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught;
 I came for a Counsel, to find out a Fault;
 If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
 To find Fault with *Hebe*, would forfeit my Name.

What

What Hopes then, alas ! of Relief from my Pain,
While, like Light'ning, she darts thro' each throbbing
Vein ;

My Senses surpriz'd, in her Favour took Arms,
And Reason confirms me a Slave to her Charms.

S O N G CLXXIV.

ON his Face, the vernal Rose,
Blended with the Lilly glows ;
His Locks are as the Raven Black,
In Ringlets waving down his Back.

His Eyes with milder Beauties beam,
Than billing Doves beside the Stream ;
His youthful Cheeks are Beds of Flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing Show'rs.

His Lips are of the Rose's Hue,
Still dropping with a fragrant Dew ;
Tall as the Cedar, he appears,
And, as erect, his Form he bears.

S O N G CLXXV.

R E C I T A T I V E

SEE ! from the silent Grove, *Alexis* flies,
And seeks with every pleasing Art,
To ease the Pain which lovely Eyes

Created in his Heart :

To shining Theatres he now repairs,

To learn *Camilla's* moving Airs,

Where thus to Musick's Power, the Swain address'd
his Prayers.

A I R.

Charming Sounds, that sweetly languish !
Musick, O compose my Anguish !

Ev'ry

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Ev'ry Passion yields to thee,
 Ev'ry Passion yields to thee:
Phœbus quickly then relieve me,
Cupid shall no more deceive me,
 I'll to sprightlier Joys be free,
 I'll to sprightlier Joys be free.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Apollo heard the foolish Swain,
 He knew when *Daphne* once he lov'd,
 How weak to assuage an am'rous Pain,
 His own harmonious Voice had prov'd,
 And all his healing Herbs how vain:
 Then thus he strikes the speaking Strings,
 Preluding to his Voice and sings.

A I R.

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee,
 Do not Shepherd then deceive thee,
 Musick is the Voice of Love,
 Musick is the Voice of Love:
 If the tender Maid believe thee,
 Soft relenting, kind consenting,
 Will alone thy Pain remove,
 Will alone thy Pain remove.

S O N G CLXXVI.

BY dimpl'd Brook, and Fountain Brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs, deck'd with Daisies trim,
 There merry make, and Pastimes keep;
 What has Night to do with Sleep?
 What has Night to do with Sleep?
 Night has better Sweets to prove;
Venus wakes, and wakens Love:
 Come, let us our Rites begin,
 'Tis only Day-light that makes Sin,
 'Tis only Day-light that makes Sin.

S O N G

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S O N G CLXXVII.

NOW *Phœbus* sinketh in the West,
Welcome Song, and welcome Jest;
Midnight Shouts and Revelry,
Tipsy, Dance, and Jollity:
Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
Dropping Odours, dropping Wine;
Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.

Rigour now is gone to Bed,
And Advice with scrup'lous Head;
Strict Age, and sour Severity:
With their grave Saws in Slumber lie,
With their grave Saws in Slumber lie.

S O N G CLXXVIII.

WOU'D you gain the tender Creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her;
Suff'ring is the Lover's Part:
Beauty by Constraint possessing,
You enjoy but Half the Blessing;
Lifeless Charms, without the Heart.

S O N G CLXXIX.

ARISE, sweet Messenger of Morn,
With thy mild Beam our Skies adorn;
For, long as Shepherds pipe and play,
This, this, shall be a Holy-day,
Holy-day, Holy-day, Holy-day,
This, this, shall be a Holy-day.

See! Morn appears; a rosy Hue
Steals soft o'er yonder orient Blue;

Soon

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Soon let us meet in trim Array,
And frolick out this Holy-day,
Holy-day, Holy-day, Holy-day,
And frolick out this Holy-day.

S O N G C L X X X .

TOO lovely Fair One, I confess
The Swain whom you will deign to bless,
Might sigh an Age away ;
In Expectation of the Joy,
When you no longer cold or coy,
Shall all his Pain allay.

Indulgent Heav'n has made thy Form,
So soft, so perfect, and so warm,
Who gazes must adore ;
But I so long in vain have try'd,
To move thy Heart, that Seat of Pride,
That here I give it o'er.

But now, proud Fair, a Cure I've found,
I'll be no longer tamely bound,
In hopeless Flames to burn :
Vain Maid, I've shaken off my Chain,
By Wine a Conquest I obtain,
And triumph in my Turn.

S O N G C L X X X I .

YOUNG *Colin*, the blitheft upon the gay Green,
The Arrows of *Cupid* defy'd ;
A Shepherd so happy, sure never was seen,
He conquer'd each Female he try'd,
He conquer'd each Female he try'd :
Poor *Sylvia*, poor *Daphne*, poor *Chloe* in vain,
In Hopes to be wedded had tarried ;
He kiss'd 'em, and press'd 'em, but this was his Strain,
I'd rather be hang'd than be married,
I'd rather be hang'd, I'd rather be hang'd than be
married.

How

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How weak his Resolves, when fair *Delia* he saw,
She warm'd the cold Heart in his Breast;
He look'd and he lov'd, and approach'd her with Awe,
And softly his Wishes express'd,
And softly, &c.

Bright Virtue adorn'd her, he found in the Maid
A Charm he before ne'er had parried;
He sigh'd and he trembl'd, and cry'd I'm afraid,
'Tis worse to be hang'd than be married,
'Tis worse, &c.

Ah! pity, sweet Goddess, the Convert you've made,
To *Hymen* our Vows let us pay;
No! live an Example the Shepherdess said,
And teach all your Sex to obey,
And teach all your Sex to obey:
The Youths and the Lasses thus jeer the poor Swain,
Now where's the proud Heart that you carried?
And, sighing, he utters alone on the Plain,
Ye Powers, O! let me be married,
Ye Powers, O! let me be married.

S O N G CLXXXII.

AS *Fockey* was walking one *Midsummer* Morn,
He sat him down careless beneath a green Thorn;
He had not sat long e'er a Damsel came by,
To whom *Fockey* sent forth a languishing Eye,
A languish—a languish—a languishing Eye:
Did you see, says the Fair One, a fleece-brindled Ram,
With two little Lambkins trot each by their Dam;
If you did, gentle Shepherd, pray tell me which Way,
The innocent Rovers neglectfully stray?
The innocent Rovers neglectfully stray?

He told her, he saw them pass hastily by,
And make to the Copse, tho' in Faith 'twas a Lye;
P The

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The Damsel she curtsy'd and thank'd with a Blush,
 But *Jockey* stole after and lurk'd in a Bush,
 Stole after, stole after, and lurk'd in a Bush :
 She search'd the Copse o'er but no Sheep could she find,
 Then heartily curs'd the young Swain in her Mind :
 She found she was trick'd, but, alas! silly Maid!
 She knew not the Snare was so artfully laid,
 She knew not the Snare was so artfully laid.

The Shepherd appear'd, and, said he, pretty Maid,
 Thy Ewes and thy Lambkins have happily stray'd ;
 Then sprung to her closely, and ravish'd a Kiss,
 But the Damsel seem'd coy, and cried fye! 'twas amiss ;
 Seem'd coy, seem'd coy, and cried fye! 'twas amiss :
 Howe'er as her Friends little Liberty gave,
 She left her old Gaffer to trust the young Knave ;
 And now, tho' her Sheep are all safe in the Pen,
 She visits the Copse o'er again and again,
 She visits the Copse o'er again and again.

S O N G CLXXXIII.

FOR a Shape and a Bloom, for an Air and a Mien,
Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay Green ;
 But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,
 Those her Beauty invited, her Pride would destroy,
 Those her Beauty invited, her Pride would destroy.

By the Flocks as she stray'd, with the Nymphs of the Vale,
 Not a Shepherd but woo'd her, to hear his soft Tale ;
 Tho' fatal the Passion, she laugh'd at the Swain,
 And return'd with Neglect what she heard with Disdain,
 And return'd, &c.

But Beauty has Wings, and too hastily flies,
 And Love unrewarded, soon sickens and dies ;
 The Nymph cur'd by Time of her Folly and Pride,
 Now sighs in her Turn for the Bliss she deny'd,
 Now sighs in, &c.

No longer she frolicks it wide o'er the Plain,
To kill, with her Coyness, the languishing Swain;
So humbled her Pride is, so soften'd her Mind,
That tho' courted by none, she to all would be kind,
That tho' courted by none, she to all would be kind.

SONG CLXXXIV.

RECITATIVE

THE Chace is o'er, and on the Plain,
The Hounds the lusty Stag have slain;
Let the Horns with sprightly Tone,
All our sportive Pleasures crown.

A I R.

Of *Britons*, thus the antient Race,
With nervous Toil pursue the Chace;
By no ungen'rous Thoughts controul'd,
Their Hearts were honest, free, and bold,
Their Hearts were honest, free and bold.
Of *Britons*, &c.

Like them again, no Slaves to Courts,
Let *Britons* still pursue their Sports;
Like them again, shall *Britons* be,
As brave, as honest, and as free:
Like them again, shall *Britons* be,
As brave, as honest, and as free.

SONG CLXXXV.

WHEN *Collin* first in yonder Vale,
To *Calia* told his am'rous Tale;
The rising Lark with warbling Strain,
Softened her Breast to hear the Swain:
The rising Lark with warbling Strain,
Softened her Breast to hear the Swain.

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The feather'd Songsters in the Grove,
In Concert, warbled Notes of Love ;
The Flocks in bleating seem'd to say,
O, happy *Collin* ! happy Day !
The Flocks, &c.

The purling Streams, that pass'd by,
Still echo'd back each tender Sigh ;
The sporting Fishes gather'd there,
All Nature strove to bless the Pair :
The sporting Fishes gather'd there,
All Nature strove to bless the Pair.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

HOW giddy is Youth ? yet above all Advice,
You counsel and counsel in vain ;
I've try'd what is Wedlock, and like it so well,
That I'll never be married again,
I'll never be married again.

The Spouse, that I pitch'd on, was comely and young,
And sweet as the Flow'rs of the Plain :
Was wise, as they tell me, perhaps it might be,
But I'll never be married again,
I'll never be married again.

I saw the poor Creature laid deep in the Grave,
My Tears they came pouring like Rain ;
But as Sunshine you know, will foul Weather succeed,
I quickly recover'd again,
I quickly recover'd again.

Like the Castles of Fairies, it seems to the Sight,
And Fancy indulges the Rein :
But, alas ! when you try it, 'tis all a mere Cheat,
And the same dull Tale over again,
The same dull Tale over again.

S O N G

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SONG CLXXXVII.

TO an Arbour of Woodbines, ye both shall be
led,
Soft Leaves for your Pillow, the Grass for your Bed ;
While wanton young Sparrows chirp over your Head,
All under the green Wood Shade.

When the Moon with pale Lustre, just peeps thro' the
Grove,
And Nightingales answer the chaste Turtle Dove,
The Maid without blushing, shall clasp her true Love,
All under the green Wood Shade.

Our Pleasures quite harmless, begin with the Day,
We ever are buxom, we ever are gay ;
No Virgins dissemble, no Shepherds betray,
All under the green Wood Shade.

Tho' Frowns for a while, arm the Face of the Fair,
Yet soon our young Lover forgets all his Care ;
For *Phyllis* cries, do not, oh ! do not despair,
All under the green Wood Shade.

SONG CLXXXVIII.

A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry Art,
To warm and win the coldest Heart,
In Secret mine posselt,
In Secret mine posselt :
The Morning Bud that fairest blows,
The vernal Oak that straitest grows,
His Face and Shape exprest,
His Face and Shape exprest.

In moving Sounds he told his Tale,
Soft as the Sighings of the Gale,

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That wakes the flow'ry Year,
That wakes, &c.

What Wonder he could charm with Ease!
Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
Whom Love had made sincere,
Whom Love, &c.

At Morn he left me—fought and fell,
The fatal Ev'ning heard his Knell,
And saw the Tears I shed,
And saw the Tears I shed:
Tears that must ever, ever fall,
For, ah! no Sighs the past recal;
No Cries awake the Dead,
No Cries awake the Dead.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

AH! why must Words my Flame reveal,
What needs my *Damon* bid me tell,
What all my Actions prove?
A Blush, when e'er I meet his Eye,
When e'er I hear his Name, a Sigh
Betrays my secret Love.

In all their Sports upon the Plain,
My Eyes still fix'd, on him remain,
And him alone approve:
The rest unheeded, dance or play,
He steals from all my Praise away,
And can he doubt my Love?

When e'er we meet, my Looks confess,
The Pleasures which my Soul possesses,
And all its Cares remove:
Still, still, too short appears his Stay,
I frame Excuses for Delay,
Can this be aught but Love?

Does

Does any speak in *Damon's* Praise,
How pleas'd am I, with all he says,
And ev'ry Word approve!
Is he defam'd, tho' but in Jest,
I feel Resentment fire my Breast,
Alas! because I love.

But, O! what Tortures tear my Heart,
When I suspect, his Looks impart
The least Desire to rove:
I hate the Man, who gives me Pain,
Yet him I strive to hate in vain,
For, ah! that Hate is Love.

Then ask not Words, but read my Eyes,
Believe my Blushes, trust my Sighs,
All these my Passion prove:
Words may deceive, may spring from Art,
But the true Language of my Heart,
To *Damon* must be Love.

S O N G C X C.

WOULD you in her you love be blest,
Ye Lovers, these Instructions mind;
Conceal the Passion in your Breast,
Be dumb, insensible, and blind:
But if with gentle Looks you meet,
And see the artless Blushes rise;
Be silent, loving, and discreet,
The Oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the Maid sincere,
Where Virtue is with Beauty join'd;
Then boldly like yourselves appear,
No more insensible, or blind:

Pour

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Pour forth the Transports of your Heart,
And speak your Soul without Disguise;
'Tis Fondness, Fondness, must impart,
The Oracle no more implies.

Tho' pleasing, fatal is the Snare,
That still entraps all Womankind;
Ladies, beware, be wise, take care,
Be deaf, insensible, and blind:
But shou'd some fond deserving Youth,
Agree to join in *Hymen's* Ties;
Be tender, constant, crown his Truth,
The Oracle no more implies.

S O N G CXCI.

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE festive Board was met, the social Band,
Round fam'd *Anacreon* took their silent Stand;
My Sons, began the Sage, be this the Rule;
No Brow austere must dare approach my School;
Where *Love* and *Bacchus* jointly reign within;
Old Care, be gone! Here Sadness is a Sin.

A I R.

Tell not me the Joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, on him that's great;
Wealth and Wisdom I despise,
Cares surround the Rich and Wise:
The Queen that gives soft Wishes Birth,
And *Bacchus*, God of Wine and Mirth;
Me their Friend and Fav'rite own,
And I was born for them alone:
Bus'ness, Title, Pomp, and State,
Give 'em to the Fools I hate.

But

But let Love, let Life be mine ;
Bring me Women, bring me Wine :
Speed the dancing Hours away,
Mind not what the Grave-ones say :
Gayly let the Minutes fly,
In Wit and Freedom, Love and Joy :
So shall Love, shall Life be mine ;
Bring me Women, bring me Wine.

S O N G CXCII.

D A M O N and *F L O R E L L A*.

A D I A L O G U E.

D A M O N.

CAST, my Love, thine Eyes around,
See the sportive Lambkins play ;
Nature gayly decks the Ground
All in Honour of the *May* :
Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

F L O R E L L A.

Damon, thou hast found me long
Lift'ning to thy soothing Tale,
And thy soft persuasive Tongue
Often held me in the Dale :
Take, Oh ! *Damon*, while I live,
All which Virtue ought to give.

D A M O N

Not the Verdure of the Grove,
Not the Garden's fairest Flow'rs,
Nor the Meads where Lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal Hours,

Can

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Can delight thy *Damon's* Eye,
If *Florella* is not by.

FLORELLA.

Not the Waters gentle Fall,
By the Bank with Poplars crown'd,
Not the feather'd Songsters all,
Nor the Flute's melodious Sound,
Can delight *Florella's* Ear,
If her *Damon* is not near.

BOTH.

Let us love, and let us live,
Like the chearful Season gay,
Banish Care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant *May* :
Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

S O N G CXCH.

COLLIN one Day in angry Mood,
Because *Myrtilla*, whom he lov'd,
Laugh'd at his Flame, and mock'd his Sighs,
Thus fervently to *Jove* applies.

O *Jove* ! thou sov'reign God above,
Who know'st the Pains of slighted Love ;
Hear a poor Mortal's Pray'r, and take
All the whole Sex for Pity's sake.

And then we Men might live at Ease,
Secure of Happiness at Peace :
Jove kindly heard, he pray'd not twice,
And took the Women in a Trice.

When

When *Collin* saw the Coast was clear,
For not a single Girl was near ;
Reflecting with himself, 'twas kind,
Says he, to gratify my Mind.

But now my Passion's o'er, O *Jove*,
Give me *Myrtilla* back, my Love ;
Let me with her on Earth be blest,
And keep in Heaven all the rest.

S O N G CXCIV.

YOU say you love, and twenty more
Have sigh'd, and said the same before ;
And yet I swear, I can't tell how,
I ne'er believ'd a Man 'till now ;

I swear I can't tell how,
I ne'er believ'd a Man 'till now :
'Tis odd that I should Credit give
To Words, who know that Words deceive ;
And lay my better Judgment by
To trust my partial Ear, or Eye,
To trust my partial Ear,
My partial Ear, or Eye.

'Tis ten to one I had deny'd
Your Suit, had you To-morrow try'd ;
But Faith, unthinkingly, To-day
My heedless Heart is gone astray ;

Unthinkingly To-day,
My heedless Heart is gone astray :
To bring it back would give me Pain,
Perhaps the Struggle too was vain ;
I'm indolent, and he that gains
My Heart, may keep it for his Pains ;

And he that gains my Heart,
May keep it for his Pains.

S O N G CXC.V.

WHY heaves my fond Bosom, ah ! what can it mean ?

Why flutters my Heart that was once so serene ?

Why this sighing and trembling when *Daphnè* is near ?

Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear ?

Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear ?

Methinks I for ever with Wonder could trace

The thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face ;

Each Moment I view thee, more Beauty I find,

With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
Mind,

With thy Face, &c.

Untainted with Folly, unfully'd by Pride,

There native good Humour and Virtue reside ;

Pray Heavens that Virtue thy Soul may supply

With Compassion for him, who without thee must die,

With Compassion for him, who without thee must die.

S O N G CXC.VI.

THE blitheft Bird that sings in *May*,

Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay

Than I, ah Well-a-day !

Than I, ah Well-a-day !

E'er *Collin* yet had learn'd to sigh,

Or I to guess the Reason why,

O Love, ah Well-a-day !

O Love, ah Well-a-day !

We kiss'd, we toy'd, we neither knew,

From whence these fond Endearments grew ;

'Till he, ah Well-a-day !

'Till he, &c.

By

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By Time and other Swains made wise,
Began to talk of Hearts and Eyes,
And Love, ah Well-a-day!
And Love, &c.

Kind Nature now took *Collin's* Part,
My Eyes inform'd against my Heart,
My Heart, ah Well-a-day!
My Heart, &c.

Straight glow'd with thrilling Sympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle Sigh;
Each Sigh, ah Well-a-day!
Each Sigh, &c.

Can Love, alas! by Words be won?
He ask'd a Proof, a tender one,
While I, ah Well-a-day!
While I, ah Well-a-day!
In Silence blush'd a fond Reply,
Can she who truly loves deny?
Ah, no, ah Well-a-day!
Ah, no, ah Well-a-day!

S O N G CXC VII.

GO Rose, my *Chloe's* Bosom grace,
My *Chloe's* Bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied Place,
With never fading Love,
With never fading Love.

There *Phoenix* like beneath her Eye,
Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die,
Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die.

Q

Know,

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Know, hapless Flower, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant Roses there,
 More fragrant Roses there ;
 I see thy with'ring Head reclin'd,
 With Envy and Despair,
 With Envy and Despair.

One common Fate we both must prove,
 You die with Envy, I with Love,
 You die with Envy, I with Love.

S O N G CXCVIII.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA

A CANTATA.

R E C I T A T I V E.

NEAR a thick Grove, whose deep embow'ring
 Shade,
 Seem'd most for Love and Contemplation made ;
 A crystal Stream with gentle Murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry Banks are form'd for soft Repose :
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry Ray,
 And lull'd in Sleep, fair Iphigenia lay :
 Cymon, a Clown, who never dreamt of Love,
 By Chance was stumping to the neighbouring Grove ;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistl'd as he went for want of Thought ;
 But when he first beheld the sleeping Maid,
 He star'd, her lovely Form survey'd ;
 And while with artless Voice he sung,
 Beauty and Nature thus inform'd his Tongue.

A I R.

The Stream that glides in Murmurs by,
 Whose glassy Bosom shews the Sky,
 Compleats the rural Scene,
 Compleats the rural Scene ;

But

But in thy Bosom, charming Maid,
All Heav'n itself is sure display'd ;

Too lovely *Iphigene*,

Too lovely *Iphigene*.

R E C I T A T I V E

She wakes, and starts, poor *Cymon* trembling stands;
Down falls the Staff from his unnerv'd Hands ;
Bright Excellence, said he, dispel all Fear,
Where Honour's present, sure no Danger's near :
Half rais'd, with gentle Accent, she replies,
O *Cymon* ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;
Thy honest Heart no Wrong can entertain,
Pursue thy Way, and let me sleep again :
The Clown, transported, was not silent long,
But thus, with Extacy, pursu'd his Song.

A I R.

Thy jetty Locks, that careless break
In wanton Ringlets down thy Neck ;

Thy love-inspiring Mien,

Thy love-inspiring Mien ;

Thy swelling Bosom, Skin of Snow,

And taper Shape enchant me so ;

I die for *Iphigene*,

I die for *Iphigene*.

R E C I T A T I V E

Amaz'd she listens, nor can trace from whence

The former Clod is thus inspir'd with Sense,

She gazes ; finds him comely, tall, and strait,

And thinks he might improve his awk'ard Gait ;

Bids him be secret, and next Day attend

At the same Hour, to meet his faithful Friend :

Thus mighty Love cou'd teach a Clown to plead,

And Nature's Language, sweetest, will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred Fire,
Kindling gentle, chaste Desire;
Love can Rage itself controul,
And elevate, and elevate, the human Soul:
Depriv'd of that, our wretched State,
Had made our Lives of too long Date;
But blest with Beauty and with Love,
Blest with Beauty and with Love,
We taste what Angels do above,
What Angels do above.

S O N G CXCIX.

THE Morning is charming, all Nature is gay,
Away, my brave Boys, to your Horses away;
For the Prime of our Pleasure, and questing the Hare,
We have not so much as a Moment to spare.

C H O R U S.

*Hark! the lively toned Horn,
How melodious it sounds, how melodious it sounds,
To the musical Song, to the musical Song of the merry-
mouth'd Hounds.*

In yon stubble Field we shall find her below;
Soho! cries the Huntsman; hark to him, Soho!
See! where she goes, and the Hounds have a View;
Such Harmony *Handel* himself never knew.

C H O R U S.

*Gates, Hedges, and Ditches, to us are no Bounds,
But the World is our own while we follow the Hounds.*

Hold, hold, 'tis a Double; hark, hey! Bowler, hey!
If a Thousand gain-say it, a Thousand shall lie;

His

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His Beauty surpassing, his Truth has been try'd,
At the Head of the Pack an infallible Guide.

CHORUS.

*At his Cry the wide Welkin with Thunder resounds,
The Darling of Hunters, the Glory of Hounds.*

O'er Highlands and Lowlands, and Woodlands we fly,
Our Horses full Speed, and our Hounds in full Cry;
So match'd in their Mouths, and so even they rung
Like the Trine of the Spheres, and the Race of the Sun.

CHORUS.

*Health, Joy, and Felicity, dance in the Rounds,
And bless the gay Circle of Hunters and Hounds.*

The old Hounds push forward, a very sure Sign,
That the Hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline;
A Chace of two Hours or more she has led,
She's down, look about ye, they have her, she's dead.

CHORUS.

*How glorious a Death to be honour'd with Sounds
Of Horns, and a Shout to the Chorus of Hounds!*

Here's a Health to all Hunters, and long be their Lives,
May they never be crost by their Sweethearts or Wives;
May they rule their own Passions, and ever at Rest,
As the most happy Men, be they also the best.

CHORUS.

*'And free from the Care which the Many surrounds,
Be happy at last, when they see no more Hounds.*

S O N G C C.

THY fatal Shafts unerring move,
 I bow before thine Altar, Love!
 I feel thy soft resistless Flame
 Glide swift through all my vital Frame.

For, while I gaze, my Bosom glows,
 My Blood in Tides impetuous flows;
 Hope, Fear, and Joy alternate roll,
 And Floods of Transports 'whelm my Soul.

My fault'ring Tongue attempts in vain
 In soothing Numbers to complain;
 My Tongue some secret Magic ties,
 My Murmurs sink in broken Sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal Care,
 And ever drop the silent Tear;
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

S O N G C C I.

JENNY bright as the Day,
 And as buxom as *May*,
 I happen'd to kiss;
 When she angry did say,
 What's the Meaning of this,
 Why these Freedoms, I pray?
 Dear Madam, I need no Apology use,
 Your Charms for my Crime are sufficient Excuse.
 Sure Lips sweet as thine
 Were for kissing decreed?
 Cry'd she, very fine!
 Very pretty indeed!
 So I kiss'd her again,
 Repeating this Strain,

“ Sure

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" Sure Lips sweet as thine

" Were for kissing decreed ?"

I own this is fine !

This is pretty indeed !

S O N G CCH.

TELL me, dear Charmer, tell me why
All other Joys so quickly cloy ;
All but the Joys of loving thee,
And they alone immortal be ?
They neither dull the Mind or Sense,
Nor lose their pleasing Influence ;
They neither dull the Mind or Sense,
Nor lose their pleasing Influence.

For ever, I with fierce Desire,
Cou'd gaze on thee and never tire ;
My ravish'd Ears cou'd all Day long
Feast on the Musick of thy Tongue ;
And when that fails yet still in you,
I something find that's always new,
And when that fails yet still in you,
I something find that's always new.

S O N G CCIII.

FLutt'ring spread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart ;
I, a Slave in thy Dominions,
Nature must give Way to Art :
Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks ;
Seeing weary Days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth ;
Him the Boar, in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth :

Cynthia,

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Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers,
Fair Discretion string thy Lyre;
Sooth my ever waking Slumbers,
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains;
Lead me to the chrystal Mirrors
War'ring soft *Elysian* Plains:
Mournful *Cypress*, verdant *Willow*,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s Brow;
Morpheus, hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vow.

Melancholy, sooth *Meander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round;
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd;
Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks some silent Mate;
See! the Bird of *Juno* hooping,
Melody resigns to Fate.

S O N G CCIV.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd Horn
Calls the Hunters all up in the Morn:
To the Hills and the Woodlands we steer,
To unharbour the out-lying Deer.
And all the Day long; this, this is our Song,
Still hollowing and following, so frolick and free;
Our Joys know no Bounds while we're after the Hounds;
No Mortals on Earth are so happy as we.

Round the Woods when we beat, how we glow!
While the Hills they all echo, Hillo!
With a Bounce from the Covert he flies;
Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies,
And all the Day long, &c.

When

When we sweep o'er the Vallies, or climb
Up the health-breathing Mountains sublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel!
Which alone they who taste can reveal.
And all the Day long, &c.

At Night, when our Labour is done,
Then we will go hollowing Home,
With Hollo, Hollo, and Huzza!
Resolving to meet the next Day.

*And all the Day long, this, this is our Song,
Still hollowing and following, so frolick and free;
Our Joys know no Bounds while we're after the Hounds;
No Mortals on Earth are so happy as we.*

S O N G O C C V.

WHEN the Rose is in bud, and blue Vi'lets blow,
And the Birds sing us Love-songs on ev'ry Bough;
When Cowslips and Daisies, and Daffodils spread,
Adorning, perfuming, the flowery Mead:

Our cleanly Milk-pail,
Is fill'd with brown Ale;

Our Table, our Table's the Grass:

There we sit and we sing,

And we dance in a Ring,

And ev'ry Lad has his Lais.

Cho. *There we sit and we sing, and we dance in a Ring,
And every Lad, ev'ry Lad has his Lais.*

When without the Plough the fat Oxen do low,
The Lads and the Lasses a Sheep-Shearing go;
Our Shepherd shears his jolly, jolly Fleece,
How much richer than that, which they say was in Greece?

'Tis our Cloth, and our Food,

And our politic Blood;

'Tis

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'Tis the Seat which our Nobles all sit on:

'Tis a Mine above Ground,

Where our Treasure's all found,

'Tis the Gold and the Silver of Britain.

Cho. 'Tis a Mine above Ground, where our Treasure's all
found,

'Tis the Gold and the Silver of Britain.

S O N G CCVI.

R O G E R and S U S A N.

A D I A L O G U E.

H E.

SWEET *Susan*, my Dearest, while thus thou art coy,
My Life is a Burthen, my Peace you destroy;
I have woo'd thee this Twelvemonth, I'm sure 'tis an
Age,

While you keep my poor Heart like a Bird in a Cage,
Like a Bird, like a Bird, like a Bird in a Cage.

S H E.

Pray teaze me no more, for I yet am too young,
Besides, I am sure, there's Deceit in your Tongue;
Go, find out some other that is not afraid,
Before I'll be ruin'd, I'll die an old Maid,
Before I'll be, &c.

H E.

Ah! *Susan*, remember not three Days ago,
When toying with *Collin*, you very well know,
How you held up your Head to grant him a Kiss,
'Tho' he took fix for one, you ne'er took it amiss,
'Tho' he took, &c.

S H E.

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S H E.

I cannot disown it, yet cannot forget,
The pert *Amaryllis*, that little Coquet;
When you prest her Hand close, I was not so blind,
As not to perceive I was out of your Mind,
As not, &c.

H E.

Let's leave off this wrangling, my pretty sweet *Sue*,
I swear, by the Heavens, I've always been true;
Come, give me your Hand, and I prithee be just,
Confess that you love me, you shall, and you must,
Confess that you, &c.

S H E.

O *Roger*! yes *Roger*! I'll confess unto thee,
It is you fill my Thoughts wherever you be;
I own I've been cruel, and cannot refuse,
To lend thee my Hand for to fasten the Nooze,
To lend thee, &c.

B O T H.

And now, my dear *Susan*, to Church let us go;
And now, my dear *Roger*, to Church let us go,
And hasten those Joys that for ever shall flow:
Kind *Hymen*, defend us from Jealousy's Sting,
And each coming Day shall new Pleasure bring,
And each coming Day shall new Pleasure bring.

S O N G CCVII.

FLORELLA, lovely Nymph, forbear
To cloud a Face like thine,
With Frowns, that nought, but Smiles should wear,
To please, and bless Mankind:

With

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With envious Haste, old Time and Care,
Will tarnish every Bloom;
Then do not by Imprudence mar,
What will be lost too soon.

See! with what Pleasure ev'ry Swain,
The chearful *Chloe* views;
See! with what Joy they wear the Chain;
All pleas'd, whom she subdues:
Tho' fair her Face, divinely fair,
Yet she her Conquests owes,
To that Good-nature that appears,
In every Thing she does.

And that will please, when ev'ry Joy,
That Beauty gave, is dead;
And friendly smooth the wrinkled Brow,
Of Age's hoary Head:
Then give to Smiles, and Mirth the Hour;
Enjoy the present Store;
Defraud not Beauty of that Pow'r,
That soon will be no more.

S O N G CCVIII.

LIVE with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the Pleasures prove,
That Hills and Vallies, Dales and Fields,
And Groves, and craggy Mountains yields:
There will we sit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed their Flocks;
By shallow Rivers, near whose Falls,
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals.
By shallow Rivers, &c.

There will I make a Bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant Posies;
A Cap of Flowers, besides a Kirtle,
Embroider'd all with Leaves of Myrtle;

A Gown

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A Gown made of the finest Wool,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull.
Fair lin'd Slippers for the Cold,
With Buckles of the purest Gold.
Fair lin'd Slippers, &c.

A Belt of Straw and Ivy Buds,
With Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs.
The Shepherd Swains shall dance and sing,
For they delight each *May* Morning.
If these Delights thy Mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.
If these Delights thy Mind may move,
'Then live with me and be my Love.

S O N G CCIX.

The A N S W E R.

IF that the World and Love were young,
And Truth in every Shepherd's Tongue,
These pretty Pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.
Time drives the Flocks from Field to Fold,
When Rivers rage and Rocks grow cold,
And *Philomel* becometh dumb,
The rest complain of Cares to come.

The Flowers all fade, and wanton Fields
To wayward Winter's Reckoning yields.
A Honey Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall.
Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Bed of Roses,
Thy Cap, thy Kirtle, and thy Posies;
Some break, some wither, some forgotten,
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.

R

Thy

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Thy Belt of Straw and Ivy Buds,
Thy Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs ;
All these in me no Means can move,
To come to thee and be thy Love.
But could Youth last, and Love still breed,
Had Joys no Date, nor Age no Need,
Then these Delights my Mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy Love.

S O N G CCX.

LET others sing in loftier Lays,
The Wanton and the Vain ;
My artless Muse aspires to praise
Dear *Polly* of the Plain :
Tho' poor my Skill,
My Song shall still,
Be *Polly*, be *Polly*, be *Polly* of the Plain.

While Vanity admits her Aid,
Let meaner Beauties shine ;
Her faithless Glare bedims the Maid
Whom Nature stamps Divine :
Her Pow'r to show,
She sent below,
Dear *Polly* of the Plain.

The Face, the Mien may Charms dispense,
To kindle fierce Desire ;
But Virtue, Modesty, and Sense,
Must generous Love inspire :
'Tis these that move,
My Soul to love
Dear *Polly* of the Plain.

How sweetly looks the Silver Ray,
That cheers the Morn of Night ?
But when great *Phœbus* gives the Day,
What Power has *Cynthia's* Light ?
Thus all the Fair
Eclips'd appear,
By *Polly* of the Plain.

How

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How blest the Youth, within whose Mind,
A happy Passion reigns ;
Yet happiest he of all Mankind,
Who *Polly's* Heart obtains :
And in his Arms,
Enjoys the Charms
Of *Polly* of the Plain.

S O N G CCXI.

COME, dear *Amanda*, quit the Town,
And to the rural Hamlets fly ;
Behold the wintry Storms are gone,
A gentle Radiance glads the Sky.

The Birds awake, the Flow'rs appear,
Earth spreads a verdant Couch for thee ;
'Tis Joy and Musick all we hear,
'Tis Love and Beauty all we see.

Let us secure the gradual Spring,
How peeps the Bud, the Blossom blows ;
When *Philomel* begins to sing,
And perfect *May* to spread the Rose.

Let us secure the short Delight,
And wisely crop the blooming Day ;
For soon, too soon, it will be Night,
Arise, my Love, and come away.

S O N G CCXII.

SO sweet was young *Damon*, so gentle his Look,
New Pleasures my Fancy insensibly took,
New Pleasures my Fancy insensibly took :
His Voice too like Musick oft dwelt in my Eary,
But little I thought any Danger was near,
But little I thought any Danger was near.

He press'd my Hand hard, but it gave me no Pain,
 He kiss'd, and I sigh'd, 'till he kiss'd me again,
 He kiss'd, and I sigh'd, 'till he kiss'd me again;
 Such balmy sweet Kisses, what Maiden could bear?
 I never once dreamt any Danger was near,
 I never once dreamt any Danger was near.

His Hand on my Bosom he'd carelessly lay,
 And swear all the while he meant nothing but Play,
 And swear all the while he meant nothing but Play:
 So I let him play on, 'till no more I could bear,
 'Till then, I ne'er dreamt any Danger was near,
 'Till then, I ne'er dreamt any Danger was near.

Such toying and playing so stole on my Heart,
 I found in his Transports my Bosom took Part,
 I found in his Transports my Bosom took Part:
 Beware then, ye Virgins, if *Damon* appear,
 For Prudence comes late, when your Danger's so near,
 For Prudence comes late, when your Danger's so near.

SONG CCXIII.

THYRSIS and *PHILLIS*:

A DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

WHEN Fairies dance round on the Grass,
 And revel to Night's awful Noon;
 O say, will you meet me, sweet Lass,
 All by the clear Light of the Moon?

PHILLIS.

My Passion I seek not to screen,
 Then can I refuse you your Boon?
 I'll meet you at Twelve on the Green,
 All by the clear Light of the Moon,
 I'll meet you, &c.

The

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The Nightingale perch'd on a Thorn,
Then charms all the Plains with her Tune,
And glad of the Absence of Morn,
Salutes the pale Light of the Moon.

T H Y R S I S.

How sweet is the Jessamin Grove,
And sweet are the Roses of June?
But sweeter the Language of Love,
Breath'd forth by the Light of the Moon,
But sweeter, &c.

Too slow rolls the Chariot of Day,
Unwilling to grant me my Boon;
Away, envious Sunshine, away,
Give Place to the Light of the Moon.

P H I L L I S.

But say, will you never deceive
The Lads whom you conquer'd too soon,
And leave a soft Maiden to grieve,
Alone by the Light of the Moon?
And leave, &c.

T H Y R S I S.

The Planets shall start from their Spheres,
E'er I prove so fickle a Loon;
Believe me I'll banish thy Fears,
Dear Maid, by the Light of the Moon.

D U E T.

Our Loves when the Shepherds shall view,
To us they their Pipes shall attune;
While we our soft Pleasures renew,
Each Night by the Light of the Moon,
While we, &c.

S O N G CCXIV.

YE Woods and ye Mountains unknown,
 Beneath whose pale Shadows I stray;
 To the Breast of my Charmer alone,
 These Sighs bid sweet Echos convey:
 Wherever he pensively leans,
 By Fountain, or Hill, or in Grove;
 His Heart will explain what she means,
 Who sings both from Sorrow and Love,
 Who sings both from Sorrow and Love.

More soft than the Nightingale's Song,
 Oh! waft the sad Sound to his Ear;
 Or say, tho' divided so long,
 The Friend of his Bosom is near:
 Then tell him what Years of Delight,
 Then tell him what Ages of Pain,
 I felt while I liv'd in his Sight,
 I feel 'till I see him again,
 I feel 'till I see him again.

S O N G CCXV.

IN cooling Stream, O! sweet Repose,
 These balmy Dews distil;
 That steal the Mourner from his Woes,
 And bid Despair be still.

Prolong the smiling Infant's Rest,
 Who yet no Sorrow knows:
 But, O! the Mother's bleeding Breast,
 To softest Peace compose.

For her the fairest Dreams adorn,
 That wave on Fancy's Wing;
 The Purple of ascending Morn,
 The Bloom of op'ning Spring,

Let all that sooths the Soul, or charms,
Her Mid-night Hour employ ;
Till blest again in *Alfred's* Arms,
She wakes to real Joy.

S O N G CCXVI.

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

MARCUS the young, the noble, and the brave,
To Camps inur'd, and Deeds of Arms,
Struck with the Force of Beauty's Charms,
Now falls the fair *Lucinda's* Slave :
No more he seeks the hostile Plain,
But to the solitary Grove,
(The soft Retreat of Peace and Love).
In gentle Murmurs breathes his Pain,
And thus with suppliant Voice and broken Sighs,
The Hero su'd the Beauty of the Skies.

A I R.

Teach a young unskilful Lover
Those soft Arts that charm the Fair ;
Teach me, *Venus*, how to move her,
How my raging Pain declare :
Grant my Words, my Looks may raise,
Love and Pity in her Heart ;
Smooth my rough, uncourtly Phrase,
Ev'ry Charm and ev'ry Grace,
Beauteous Goddess, now impart.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Goddess listen'd to his Pray'r,
She saw him languish and despair ;

Then

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Then downward thro' the lucid Skies,
 She bad her iv'ry Chariot roll;
 And whilst soft Pity fill'd her Eyes,
 Thus sooth'd the Anguish of his Soul.

A I R.

Be pleasant, be airy, and constantly praise,
 The Force of her Wit, and the Charms of her Face,
 Commend ev'ry Feature, each Beauty display;
 With Pleasure she'll listen to all you can say:
 Let her Humour and Taste be the Road you pursue,
 And the Love of herself will insure her to you.

S O N G CCXVII.

YOUNG *Daphne*, brightest Creature
 That e'er did Heart ensnare,
 Was blest with all that Nature
 Could lavish on the Fair:
 For her each Youth did languish,
 And told their am'rous Smarr;
 What tho' she mock'd their Anguish,
 Yet *Strephon* won her Heart;
 Yet *Strephon* won her Heart.

The Stripling swore for ever
 He'd true and constant prove;
 He was a Youth so clever,
 That she repaid his Love;
 But Death, their Joys resenting,
 Of *Strephon* made a Prize:
 Oh! Powers unrelenting!
 To close the Shepherd's Eyes!
 To close, &c.

Now sobbing, pining, crying,
 The beauteous Widow ran,
 And vow'd in endless sighing
 To weep her constant Man:

But

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But *Corydon*, the Rover,
To court her did prepare,
And thought another Lover
Might not displease the Fair,
Might not, &c.

With Boldness he advances ;
The Fair his Love denies,
Till irresistible Glances
Shot flashing from his Eyes :
With Oaths and Vows assailing,
He wipes each Tear-swoln Cheek,
Until his Love prevailing
He weds her in a Week,
He weds her in a Week,

S O N G CCXVIII.

NOW *May* has unfolded the Hopes of the Year,
And melts with warm Wishes the Hearts of the
Fair ;
Joy swells my fond Bosom, and yields back Despair,
And the Voice of all Nature breathes soft in my Ear ;
That *May* shall plead for me with *Polly*.

For as Winter deform'd the desolate Plain,
So droop'd my sick Heart in the Blasts of Disdain ;
But Summer enlivens the Landscape again,
Hope dawns in my Breast, and repays all my Pain ;
And *May* shall plead for me with *Polly*.

Let false, faithless Swains, for Variety rove,
And seek from new Faces, new Pleasures to prove :
I'll fly to my Fair, on the Wings of pure Love,
And pour out my Soul with the Truth of the Dove ;
And *May* shall plead for me with *Polly*.

For how from such Charms cou'd my Fancy e'er stray ?
Tho' from Prudence reserv'd, from Good-nature she's
gay :

Love

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Love beams in her Eye in ripe Youth's dazzling Ray,
And Health paints her Cheeks with the Bloom of
sweet *May*;

And *May* shall plead for me with *Polly*.

S O N G CCXIX.

SINCE *Calia's* unkind, and denies me the Joy,
She lavishly squanders on each foolish Boy;
I'll fly to the Bottle, and in the full Bowl,
I'll drown all the Trifles that ruffle my Soul,
I'll drown all the Trifles that ruffle my Soul.

Her Face it is fair, and graceful her Mein;
Yet Charms, in a Bumper, more splendid are seen:
Each Swain who beholds her, with Rapture admires,
But *Bacchus* shall quench all our wanton Desires,
But *Bacchus*, &c.

With one that is honest, good-natur'd, and free,
How affable, kind, and compliant I'd be!
But when the proud Nymph, with such Tyranny rules,
Her Levee's compos'd of lac'd Fops and dull Fools,
Her Levee's compos'd, &c.

Now *Cupid* no more boast an absolute Sway,
This *Bacchus* disarms you, and carries the Day;
Triumphantly crown'd, with the ever-green Vine,
Where Pleasure and Liberty lovingly twine,
Where Pleasure and Liberty lovingly twine.

S O N G CCXX.

THERE lived a Man, in *Baleno*, crazy,
Who wanted a Wife to make him uneasy;
Long had he sigh'd for dear *Ally Croaker*,
And thus the gentle Youth bespoke her:
Will you marry me, dear *Ally Croaker*?
Will you marry me, dear *Ally Croaker*?

This

This artless young Man, just come from the Schoolery,
A Novice in Love, and all its Foolery ;
Too dull for a Wit, too grave for a Joker,
And thus the gentle Youth bespoke her :
Will you marry me, dear *Ally Croaker* ?
Will you, &c.

He drank with the Father, he talk'd with the Mother ;
He romp'd with the Sister, he gam'd with the Brother ;
He gam'd 'till he pawn'd his Coat to the Broker,
Which lost him the Heart of his dear *Ally Croaker* :
O, the fickle, fickle *Ally Croaker*,
O, the fickle, &c.

To all ye young Men who are fond of Gaming,
Who are spending your Money, whilst others are
saving ;
Fortune's a Jilt, the De'il may choak her,
A Jilt more inconstant than dear *Ally Croaker* :
O, the inconstant *Ally Croaker*,
O, the inconstant *Ally, Ally Croaker*.

S O N G CCXXI.

CA N Love be controul'd by Advice ?
Can Madness and Reason agree ?
O *Molly* ! who'd ever be wise
If Madness is loving of thee ?
Let Sages pretend to despise
The Joys they want Spirits to taste ;
Let me seize old Time as he flies,
And the Blessings of Life while they last.

Dull Wisdom but adds to our Cares ;
Brisk Love will improve ev'ry Joy :
Too soon we may meet with grey Hairs ;
Too late may repent being coy :

Then,

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Then, *Molly*, for what should we stay
 'Till our best Blood begins to run cold?
 Our Youth we can have but To-day;
 We may always find Time to grow old.

S O N G CCXXII.

JANTHE the lovely, the Joy of the Plain,
 By *Ipbis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Ipbis* again;
 She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair;
 Their Pleasure was equal, and equal their Care;
 No Time nor Enjoyment their Dotage withdrew,
 But the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew;
 No Time nor Enjoyment their Dotage withdrew,
 But the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew.

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain:
 Some envy'd the Nymph; but more envy'd the Swain:
 Some swore 'twould be Pity their Loves to invade;
 That the Lovers alone for each other were made:
 But all, all consented that none ever knew
 A Nymph yet so kind, or a Shepherd so true;
 But all, all, &c.

Love saw them with Pleasure; and vow'd to take care
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent Pair:
 What either did want he bid either to move;
 But they wanted nothing but ever to love;
 Said 'twas all that to please them his Godhead cou'd do,
 That they still might be kind, and still might be true;
 Said 'twas all that to please them his Godhead cou'd do,
 That they still might be kind, and still might be true.

S O N G CCXXIII.

TH O' lovely *Delia* thou art coy,
 And cruel to thy am'rous Swain;
 Regardless of the sighing Boy,
 And senseless of thy Lover's Pain.

Yet

Yet still I keep thee in my Heart,
Thou art the Nymph whom most I love;
I'll keep thy Image, tho' with Smart,
And try if Constancy can move.

In Sighs I to the Winds complain,
And to the harden'd Rocks I weep;
By Day thou art my constant Pain,
At Night the Vision of my Sleep.

S O N G CCXXIV.

WHILST Flow'rs adorn the verdant Plains,
And Swallows wing the Glades,
Whilst blithe and gay the jocund Swains
Enjoy the rural Shades.

Whilst, lo! the neighb'ring Fields around
In blooming Verdure clad,
Each Hedge with Twigs of Osier bound,
And lively Nature's glad.

Come, dear *Cleora*, haste away,
Where Cowslips gild the Mead,
Where plumed Songsters chirp away,
And harmless Flocks do feed.

Come, hear the Lark and *Philomet*
Their tuneful Voices raise;
Whilst Bees upon each Odour dwell
'Midst smiling *Sol's* soft Rays.

Whilst *Zephyrs* fan each cool Retreat,
And sportive Lambkins play;
Here's vernal Sweets, no sultry Heat,
My Charmer, come away.

Whilst each Hill's deck'd with azure Hue,
 The Fields enamel'd see,
 The Thorns array'd in spangling Dew,
 All's Youth and Jollity.

Whilst from each neighb'ring shady Grove,
 The bounding Fauns advance,
 And waits for thee, the God of Love,
 To hail the chearful Dance.

My gentle Maid, then come away,
 Upon the Plain be seen ;
 No longer, dear *Cleora*, stay,
 But grace this smiling Scene.

S O N G CCXXV.

I'LL to some shady cool Retreat,
 Where spreading Trees conspire to meet,
 To hide my Blush while I repeat,
 The Love I bear my *Collin* :
 Name all that's amiable in Love,
 My *Collin* amply doth improve ;
 The sacred Truth of Heaven above,
 Is center'd in my *Collin*.

Was I possess'd of Monarchs Lands,
 Of eastern Shores, or golden Sands ;
 No one shou'd share in *Hymen's* Bands,
 With me but lovely *Collin* :
 With him, beneath a Myrtle Sear,
 I'll sing and bless my happier Fate,
 Than seated on a Throne of State,
 With any one but *Collin*.

So long as *Satan's* Glass shall run,
 Or *Persians* hail the rising Sun,
 Or 'till my Thread of Life is spun,
 So long shall I love *Collin* :

And

And when I take the parting Kiss,
In Death I'll cheer my Heart with this;
That I shall meet in future Bliss,
Again, with thee my *Collin*.

S O N G CCXXVI.

DAMON and *CELIA*.

A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

BEHOLD the Birds, in Love combin'd,
In friendly Couplets move :
O would you try, you soon would find,
Like theirs my constant Love.

CELIA.

Such moving Words I must not hear,
So fatal to a Maid ;
Should I believe, too much I fear
My Love would be betray'd.

DAMON.

O smile, my Dear, nor thus disdain
The Heart, which is your Prize :
Then kindly look, and ease my Pain,
Or wretched *Damon* dies.

CELIA.

If, *Damon*, I your Heart have won,
And cause you so to grieve,
I, in Exchange, have lost my own,
Which I can ne'er retrieve.

DAMON.

Then since our mutual Love we've shewn,
No more, my Dear, torment.

CELIA.

Altho' I'm willing, I must own,
I dare not yet consent.

Born.

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BOTH.

To yonder Shade we'll freight repair,
And be for ever blest'd:
Your Tongue's so sweet, I must declare,
I can no more resist.

SONG CCXXVII.

DAMON and PASTORA.

A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

FROM Flow'r to Flow'r, his Joy to change,
Flits yonder wanton Bee;
From Fair to Fair thus will I range,
And I'll be ever free.

PASTORA.

Yon little Birds attentive view,
That hop from Tree to Tree;
I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be ever free.

DAMON.

Whilst Tempests shake the nodding Grove,
And plough the foaming Sea;
While Hawks pursue the flying Dove,
So long will I be free.

PASTORA.

'Till on the Bush the Lilly grows,
'Till Flocks forsake the Lea;
'Till from the Rock bursts forth the Rose,
You'll find me blithe and free.

BOTH.

Then let's divide to East and West,
Since we shall ne'er agree;
And try who keeps their Promise best,
And who's the longest free.

FINIS.



